



*Death comes ; for as you see, both Rich and Poor,  
To Old and Young, he does not miss a Door :  
To which he's sent, to fetch them hence away,  
Their Glass being run, they must no longer stay.*



*Behold the Judgment-seat, where all must stand  
To hear just Sentence pass on either Hand.  
Then, Come ye Blessed, in my Bosome lye ;  
And, Go, ye Cursed to Hell's Cruelty.*

*Part I*  
THE  
HORRORS  
*Book* AND *Bought in*  
TERRORS

*Part* - OF THE *Horrors*  
Hour of Death and Day of Judgment,  
that seize upon all Impenitent, and  
1726. Unbelieving Sinners. *8- 6*

WITH  
Holy Directions to Die well,

And also

The great Danger of a  
Death-Bed Repentance.

To all which are added  
Sundry Examples of God's dreadful  
Judgments against violent Breakers  
of his Holy Commandments.

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By JOHN HAYWARD, D. D.

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*The Twentieth Edition.*

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T O T H E

Christian R E A D E R.

**I** Having very lately pub'ish'd a small Piece, entituled *Hell's Everlasting Flames avoided, and Heaven's Eternal Felicities Enjoy'd: And it being approv'd of, and so very well entertain'd beyond my Expectation amongst you, gave me farther Encouragement to be further serviceable to your precious and immortal Souls, in publishing this small Tract, hoping it will find the same Welcome; wherein you will find contained a Discourse of the Horrors that seize upon an impenitent Sinner, when he comes on his Dying-Bed, and rolling Pillow, and his Troubles and Sorrows that attend him in the other World, at the Judgment-Seat of Almighty God; with some Directions, teaching all how to*

To the Christian Reader.

*fit themselves for their great Change,  
and the great Danger of a long de-  
lay'd and Death-Bed Repentance.*

*That this small Piece may be a  
Means to bring your Affections off from  
the Deceitful Delights of this transito-  
ry World, and to settle them upon those  
things that are above, that so you  
may be everlastingly happy with Al-  
mighty God, is the hearty Prayer of*

*Your Soul's Cordial Friend,*

**John Hayward.**

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T H E  
H O R R O R S

That seize on  
Unpardoned Sinners,  
At the Hour of Death.

Malachi, Chap. 3. ver. 5.

*And I will come neay to you in Judgment, and I will be a swift Witness against the Sorcerers; and against the Adulterers, and against false Swearers, and against those that oppress the Hireling in his Wages, the Widow and the Fatherless, and that turn aside the Stranger from his Right, and feareth me not, saith the Lord of Hosts.*

**I**F God will be such a severe Witness against all Evil-doers, what shall I say concerning this dreadful Hour, this cruel Instant, when the Soul is taking its Leave

A 3. of

2    *The Horrors that seize on unpardoned*  
of its Earthly Habitation, the Body? O  
Lord how is it tormented, perplex'd, and  
troubled! What a Multitude of Terrors  
doth seize upon it? Then nothing but ex-  
tream Sorrow and Anguish; then begin-  
neth it to enquire into the heinousness of  
those Sins it hath committed, and into  
God's unspeakable Hatred of them, and his  
eternal Wrath and Indignation that he is  
beginning to pour out upon them; then it  
will consider the time of Repentance is at  
an End, and set just upon the Point of Pas-  
sage to God's dreadful Tribunal, where it  
doth not know how the best Actions it hath  
done shall be examin'd. For as in a rude Ear,  
that Musick may be counted extraordinary  
pleasant, which a skilful Judgment will con-  
demn as coarse; so in the Sight and View of  
Almighty God our best Actions will be  
found very unworthy and deficient, and  
very short of deserving that Esteem and Va-  
luation we had of them. The Soul is very  
desirous to stay to enjoy more of this sin-  
ful World's deceitful, bewitching, and  
charming *Delilah's*, but it is forc'd to go;  
to stay it is impossible, and to go is in-  
tolerable; and it too often faileth out,  
that whilst one thinketh much of doing,  
he leaveth to do the Effect of his think-  
ing so, whilst it is a taking one, and be-  
wailing



wailing it self for the Time that is past, it loseth that little which then remains.

Looking back, it esteemeth the whole Race that it hath run, as a short Step ; looking forward, it is agast at the infinite Space of Eternity, wherein it is to continue : Lifting up the Mind to Heaven, it discovereth a most bright and beautiful Glory : Again, casting it down upon the Earth, it seeth all things wrapt up in a misty Darkness ; if he calleth to Memory the Time that is past, it will very strongly accuse ; if it takes notice of the Time present, it will sharply torment ; if it looks to the Evil that will ensue, it will terrify most extreemly ; the fading Pleasures which are past and gone, which in themselves were little, shall then seem nothing ; the Day of Judgment, which is coming on, that before seem'd as if it were not to be, shall then be very great, and more dreadful and surprising than we can possibly imagine. Hitherto hath been our own Day. but then shall be the great and terrible Day of the Lord : *Wherein his Anger shall burn as an Oven, and the Elements melt with fervent Heat ; for he shall come in Flames of Fire to take Vengeance upon all his Enemies.*

Hereupon a fresh Supply of new  
A 5 Thoughts

*a The Horrors that seize on unpardoned*

Thoughts stingeth the Mind, and tormenteth it self, in lamenting it hath built so many Castles, some in the Air, others upon the Sand; so that with the Spider, it hath even exhausted its Bowels in Works of so little Continuance and Use; that it hath wasted that Candle in idle Play, which was given for the lighting of it to Bed; that it was so enflamed with the Enchantment of a transitory Estate, as to cease to think upon the Conditions which never shall have End; that it hath made so large Provisions for the one, and none at all for the other, that to satisfy the Flesh, which is to be a Feast for Worms, it has neglected the Spirit, which was to have been a Companion for Angels; that it hath lost for so short a Show, the everlasting Enjoyments of those Rivers of Pleasures which made glad the City of God, that it hath exchanged and done more absurdly and foolishly than the rude *Indians*, who gave Gold for Glass, the Treasures of immortal Glory, for Trifles and Toys of floating Vanities, which bring nothing in the End, but eternal Sorrow and Misery.

O! If it had but never so short a Time longer, what vast Improvement would it make,

make; how would it turn from the Way of Sin and Wickedness, and abandon all its former Delights and Pleasures, and take up to a very strict and circumspect Life, walking in all the Ways of God's holy Commandments? But it is like a Horse, desirous to run, and miserably spurr'd, but so short rein'd that it cannot stir; Or like unto those, who in their Dreams see fearful and terrible Visions, and sweat with Pain, and strive to cry for help, but cannot find Strength at all to cry.

In the mean time, the Head shooteth, the Back aketh, the Heart panteth, the Throat rattleth, the Tongue faultereth, the Breath shortneth, the Flesh trembleth, the Veins beats, the Head strings crack, the Eyes wax dim, the Nose sharp, the Brows hard, the Cheeks cold and wan, the Lips pale, the Hands numb, the Joints stiff, the whole Body in a cold Sweat, the Strength fainting, the Life vanishing, and Death drawing on; and as a wise Soldier that besiegeth either Fort or Castle, first maketh his Breach with great Artillery, then assaulteth, entereth, and possesseth the same; even so Death, first by several Weaknesses and Pains in Sickness, beneath all the natural Forces, battereth without any Intermission or Repulsion, the principal

6 *The Horrors that seize on unpardoned.*

pal and strongest Parts of the Body : But when he makes his personal Approach, when the sick Person begins to think of his or her Life, and afterwards to despair, then are all his Pains and Perplexities enlarged, then is he driven to Extremity of Distress, then are all his Members surpriz'd with those Pullers down of Nature, which are the common Combatants of Death ; then is that fulfilled which the Prophet said, *The Sorrows of Death compassed me, and the Floods of Wickedness made me afraid ; the Sorrows of the Grave have compassed me about, the Snares of Death overtook me ;* And it is so usual, that our Departure out of this Life is in some Measure answerable to our Entrance into it, both painful and grievous, but the one to our Mother, the other to our selves.

Neither then shall the Children and Friends, for whose sake the Sick shall often condemn themselves before-hand, forbear in this Instant of Extremity from being miserable Comforters, as *Job* said to his Friends, *Job* 16. 2. Some crying, some craving, some counselling him in the ordering of his Estate, some flattering of him with vain Speeches, either of Compassion or Comfort, all then, like Flesh-flies, help to increase his unspeakable Misery.

Whilst

Whilst these Summoners of Death are executing their Office, and the sick Person lieth bound upon the Altar, for the Sacrifice of his Soul, and the Knife set to his Throat, and he unable either to fly or defend himself, most of his wicked Thoughts, Words and Actions come fresh in his Memory, and against them appeareth God Almighty's Indignation and fierce Anger, wherein is comprehended all the Curses of the Law: All which make his Sorrows more intolerable than he is able to bear: from which the Sinner would willingly turn away his Eyes, but he is forc'd to behold, and they will all cry unto him, *We are thy Works, we will go with thee.*

Then shall the Conscience sharply accuse, the Memory give in her Evidence, Reason shall sit as Judge, Fear shall stand as Executioner; and there is hardly any severe Sentence in all the Holy Bible against Sin and Sinners, which the Devil will forbear putting into his Mind, aggravating every thing to the worst: And seeing he shall so strictly examine, accuse and condemn himself, what great cause shall he then have to fear and dread the terrible Judgment of Almighty God, who knoweth more of his Sins and Wickedness  
than



8      *Horrors that seize on unpardoned*  
than it is possible to know of himself, for  
he knowing all things; who as he doth so  
unspeakably hate Sin, he will certainly,  
answerable to his hatred of it, condemn  
and sentence it to eternal Burnings, which  
is more than any Man can do, and espe-  
cially upon himself.

Then will all human Wisdom be turn-  
ed into Foolishness, and Policy fail; then  
will Resolution be turned into fearful  
Trembling; then will Pride, that was so  
high, be laid low, and vain Confidence  
be turned into Despair; then will be a  
vast Difference in our Judgments to what  
we have now in our Health, Wealth and  
Strength, insomuch that it may be we  
shall find our selves under the eternal  
Wrath and Indignation of an angry God,  
and be surrounded with our Enemies, to  
wit, our Sins, and Devils ready to take  
us for committing of them, from which  
we shall be forced to lament our selves,  
and say, O that ever we were born! We  
simple Men thought their Life to be but  
Madness, whose End we now esteem most  
honourable. But we have wearied out  
our selves in craggy Ways; we are worn  
out in pursuing Vanity, and the Ways of  
the Lord we have not known.

Never

Never did a revengeful Tyrant exercise his implacable Rage with greater cruelty upon those that he hates, than the miserable Sinner shall then upon himself, in justly condemning, in vainly acknowledging, and unprofitably lamenting the Errors of his Actions: Whilst the Pains and Perplexities of the Soul's departing from its so dear and darling Friends, the Body and the World, shall draw the Powers thereof from true Repentance; all these enchanting Pleasures wherein it took so great Delight, shall then be at an end, and quite forgotten, as if they had never been, or else remain in the Mind only to torment the Soul; the Cup of Pleasure, whereof the Sinner hath before quaffed, shall then be at the Bottom, and he shall be constrained to drink up the Dregs, even the Scruples and Remorses of a guilty Conscience, which, like Thousands of Thorns, shall tear and torment the miserable Soul. The Body can die but once, but the Heart shall so often die, as the Sinner shall think upon his Death, and upon his near Separation from all those Enjoyments he dearly loved and delighted in. The more his Affections are intangled with the Affairs of this Life, the more grievous and intolerable will his  
(Death

Death be unto him. Then shall his Eyes be opened which the Pleasure of Sin had close shut up, and he shall plainly see the Follies of his mispent Life, and that for the Enjoyment of a few jolly Hours, he is like to suffer eternal Punishment; whereupon he will amazedly both abhor and admire his Sottishness, and that he was so befooled out of his Reason, as to take Pleasure in the vilest act of Wickedness, as Drunkenness, Whoredom, Covetousness, and the like, which bring nothing in the end, but eternal Ruin both to Soul and Body; then shall he plainly perceive, that he is falling into the bottomless Gulf of Hell's Flames, which will be very frightful and terrible unto him, and entring upon his Ruin, where he thought to have taken his Rest; that all the Things of this World are passing away, the Ways thereof rough and crooked, leading to the very Gates of Hell: The Wealth base, the Pleasures false, the Hopes vain, the Promises Lyes, the Glory short, and of no Continuance; the whole State of this Life a compleat Banishment from Peace and Comfort, and nothing but Sorrow upon Sorrow, and one Trouble falling upon the Neck of another; a very Dungeon, a Goal, not only of guilty, but condemn'd

denn'd Persons, all the Comforts of which Life, are not only Remedies of Grief, but Propagators and Encreasers of it with sweet Poison, which giveth some Satisfaction to the Sense, not by freeing, but by inuring it to the Disease; his Riches cannot redeem him, his Friends will forsake him, his Estate he must leave behind him, and his Children and kindest Kindred shall be no greater Comfort to him than a Brood of Vipers, especially when he considereth that he is for ever like to bear that eternal Vengeance that is due to him, for abusing those Mercies that God has pleas'd to bestow upon him, and leave the Enjoyment of them to his Children and Friends; and those delightful and darling Sins that he most loved, and spent his Time in the Enjoyment of, shall strike the deepest Wounds into his poor Heart: As *Absalom's* greatest Ornament and Delight, his fair *Hair*, was ordered to be the Cause of his Death.

These Things not only falling, but exceedingly vexing him, being like the spread Tail of a *Peacock*, adorning only the former Part of Life, and leaving the hinder Part naked and bare; or like the *Sirens*, beginning then to turn their Tunes, when

12 *The Horrors that seize on unpardoned*  
when they have drawn to the Point of  
Destruction.

He desireth to turn to God; but he cannot because he hath not ever had any Knowledge of him, nor Power in that violent Distraction of his Soul; for as a Sword that is seldom drawn out of the Scabbard, is commonly hard to be unsheath'd at the time when a Man hath occasion to make use of it; so they who never exercised themselves in the Actions of Religion, but rather have been accustomed to Evil, can be in no great readiness therein, when the use of them is most urgent.

But the most which he can do, is that which God hath said by the Prophet, *Hosea 7. 14. They howl and roar upon their Bed, and do not call upon me in their Hearts.*

Furthermore, he will fall into that Soul-perplexing Condition of Despair, despairing of having the least of God's Mercies, that God will not then give ear to his Call, in this time of greatest Extremity, because he did not hearken to, and obey the many Calls and Invitations of God in his Day of Visitation; that God will not then receive him into his House, because when time was, he shut God out of his Heart; that God will not then have any Mercy, Compassion, or Pity upon him, because  
he



he had none upon Christ's poor, distressed and needy Members; and that at the End of his Journey, he shall not arrive at *Heaven*, because in his Life-time he travelled in the High way to *Hell*; he will, or at leastwise may expect such an Answer as *Elizeus* gave King *Joram*, when he came to him in his greatest Extremity, *1 Kings* 3. *What have I to do with thee, O Joram! Get thee to the Prophet of thy Father and Mother.* So may God say to him, Get thee to the Pleasures, the Profits and Advantages, which hitherto thou hast pursued, and desire them to help thee.

Then shall the Earth seem weary to bear him, the Heavens to flash Fire in his Face, God to threaten him, and Devils to expect him, and his own Conscience to betray him, sometimes being more able to abide Death, than the Fear of Death: He wisheth to fly, if it were possible, even from himself, and to be discharged from being guided by so evil a Companion as his Soul, not in hopes that his Torments shall thereby either end or abate, but, according to the Nature of Grief, the present being most painful, he desires to change, and put to a Venture the ensuing: But when  
he

14 *The Horrors that seize on unpardoned*  
he seeth the Heavens on all sides shut  
and not the least Beam of Comfort to  
shine upon him ; but, on the contrary,  
Corruption and Worms ready to con-  
sume his Body, and infinite Legions of  
Devils stand ready to receive his Soul,  
the Grave gaping to entertain the one,  
and the Horrors and Terrors of *Hell* to  
embrace the other ; so that he is like to  
be chained to the Company of cursed  
and damned Devils ; then is he in an  
Amaze of Amazement ; then like one  
that holdeth a Wolf by the Ear, bitten  
whilst he holdeth, and slain when he lets  
go.

O Death ! thou Lodge of all Men's  
Lives, how suddenly dost thou set up-  
on us ? With what stealing Steps, by  
how insensible Degrees dost thou ap-  
proach us ? Which like the Sun, altho'  
it be very swift in Motion, yet doth  
not the Eye perceive it to move ; how  
universal is thy Dominion, and how  
severely dost thou exact Obedience ?  
The Mighty with all their Power can-  
not resist thee ; the Rich with their  
Riches cannot corrupt thee ; the Wise  
with his Wisdom can neither appease  
nor avoid thee ; thou rangeest over the  
whole

whole Earth; thou searchest every Clo-  
set, thou beatest down every Defence.  
And so many Ages as there hath been  
since the World was created, so many  
perfect Conquests hast thou made. All  
natural Things do encrease and decline,  
but thou always continuest in full  
Strength, thy Power is the same now as  
it was when it seized upon *Adam*; thou  
art the Clock which always striketh;  
thou art the Snare which always entrap-  
peth; thou art the Sea wherein all Ri-  
vers doth run, wherein all Ships suffer  
Shipwreck; thou art the Pain that every  
one must endure; thou art the Debt,  
the Tribute every one must pay. O cruel  
Death! how bitterly dost thou bite those  
Souls which are plung'd in the Thoughts  
of Worldly Affairs? Thou breakest off  
their Studies; thou disappointest them  
in their Designs and Enterprizes; thou  
croppest their Hopes in the fairest  
Flower; thou overthrowest them in the  
chiefest Strength and Beauty of their  
Age.

Thy Triumph is in Funeral Solemn-  
ties; thy Applauses in the Cries of Wi-  
dows and Orphans; thou fillest all Places  
with Confusion, Desolation and Disor-  
der. What shall I say, thou art the Child  
of

16 *The Horrors that seize on unpardoned*  
of Sin, the Father to Confusion, the Pur-  
sivants of *Hell*; for God disclaimeth any  
Interest in thee, by the Mouth of the Wise  
Man, that he never made thee, but that  
thou hast thy Entrance into the World by  
the very Malice and Subtilties of the Devil.

Well then, secure and senseless Soul,  
however the Devil wou'd cheat, deceive  
or delude thee, as he did our first Parents,  
that thou shalt not die; howsoever he  
representeth thy Life unto thee with a  
Countenance of Continuance in one  
firm and stable State; howsoever in the  
full Strength of thy Age, Courage and  
Health, thou measurest the Length of  
thy Days by the Length of thy Desires,  
and the Number of thy Years by the Mul-  
titude of thy Affairs, yet assure thy self,  
this heavy and terrible Hour, this fear-  
ful, this dangerous and unavoidable Pas-  
sage is not far from thee, even in the  
furthest and fairest Parts of Nature, and  
may be every Hour, by many common  
Accidents, both violent and of ordi-  
nary Course. The Day will come,  
and therefore prepare for it, when thou  
shalt live in the Morning, and at  
Night be dead. The Day will come,  
whether this Day, or to Morrow, or  
when

when, thou art uncertain, wherein thou shalt lie in thy Bed, upon a rolling Pillow, expecting every Moment the terrible Stroke of Death, the inevitable Executioner of that Sentence which was pronounced in the beginning against all Mankind: Every Minute thou livest, is a Step forwards to thy Death, every Action thou takest in hand, pulls away from thee some part of thy Life; insomuch that thou art daily changing, yea daily dying, like a Candle which is continually burning till it be out; or like them sailing in a Ship, who whatsoever they are doing, they are always carried forward.

For the emptying of an Hour-Glass consisteth not only, in the falling of the last Grain of Sand, but in the Destruction of the Whole from the Beginning: So thy Death doth not consist in the last Hour of thy Life, but in the continual consuming Course from the first Hour of the same; in regard whereof thou art in a worse Condition than if thou hadst been made of Glass: For that, altho' it may be broke by many Accidents, yet doth it not perish or waste by Time; but thou, besides many Casualties, art subject also to the Injuries of Time; thou canst ne-

ver.



ver enter twice into the same running Water, by reason it always fleeteth and falleth away ; no more canst thou find thy Substance and Nature twice in one State, because it changeth as fast as Time doth run.

There is nothing that properly is or hath been in it self, but God, Immortal, who truly is Immovable, who giveth to all Things that Being, which they have : But the Bodies of Men are chang'd every Moment, their Substance is always growing or decaying, it never continueth the same so long, as while a Man may say Now ; for whatsoever is consumed in the longest Continuance of Time, the same in every Moment of Time suffereth Decay.

Thou art easily induced to believe that other Men shall not live long, because Self-Love doth blind thy Judgment, and make thee dislike the Knowledge of this Truth ; but that extraordinary Love that we bear to our selves, causes us to hate Death, so as that we abhor to think of it, or else are easily to be perswaded that it is farther from us than from other Men, because we are too often very willing to believe that which we are most desirous of should be true, although  
we

we have little or no Cause to ground our Belief upon it ; for we are all under one common Condition ; our Lives are short in all Things except in Miseries and Troubles ; our continuance is very uncertain, we are here to Day, and gone to our long and everlasting Home to Morrow ; for God would have the time of our Death unknown to us, because we should always make it our first and chiefest Business to fit and prepare our selves for it.

Rouse up, and arise out of thy Bed of Sloth, and be not like the foolish Virgins that had their Lamps to trim, and their Oil to seek, when the Bridegroom came, and so were shut out to their everlasting Shame and Confusion ; but watch over thy self, look upon the pale Horse and him that sitteth thereon (whose Name is Death.) O provide in time that thou be not suddenly surprized and called to die before thou beginnest to live ; for not to do well whilst you live, is Death, and not to breathe ; but to do well is Life : The more wicked thy Life-time hath been, the more dreadful will thy Death be unto thee : And so on the contrary, the more pious, godly, and christianly

stianly disposed thou hast been in thy Life-time, the more sweet, comfortable, and welcome will thy Death be unto thee: Therefore it is a great piece of Weakness and Sottishness, to be unwilling to that which is so indispensably necessary to be done, whereon hangeth, and certainly dependeth thy everlasting Joy, or everlasting Sorrow. It is necessary to die, it is much more necessary for dying well; therefore let me prevail with thee to meditate often upon thy Death; and let not the Thought of thy last End, be the last End of thy Thought; and be not so deceived and deluded, as to think thy self in a safe and sure State and Condition, so long as thou art unwilling to think of thy Death: So soon as thou wert born, thou wast old enough to die, and shortly thou wilt be too old to live: Actions that are hard and difficult, we draw to Perfection by often use. Seeing therefore it is very hard to die willingly or well, the Error whereof may turn thee into Hell's everlasting Burnings, what Cause hast thou to exercise thy self in handling thy Weapons, in traversing the Ground, in treading and measuring every Step of that dark and stony way, that by  
dying

dying often, thou mayst learn both to die easily and well. Let fall no Point of Courage, and of Care; slip not any Opportunity, nor the least Occasion that offers, whilst it may not only be taken, but cometh, yea, sueth to be laid hold of; and therefore if it be now taken, it will never hereafter be overtaken.

The Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, is yet out of his infinite Goodness and Loving Kindness, offering of Mercy to all. The Door standeth yet open to all that are willing to be Suitors for the same; He is now as willing to forgive, as his Power will be able hereafter to punish. The Kings of *Israel* were not so famous for their Mercy to the Servants of *Abinadab*, as the God of *Israel* is among us: When thou didst sin, he did spare; when thou didst defer, he did wait and expect; when thou shalt return he will meet and embrace thee; the Bowels of his Mercy do still overflow, so that the Streams thereof may enter into thy dry and barren Soul: *His Back was torn, his Hands and Feet were pierced, his Side was opened,* through these Holes thou mayest see the Abundance of his Love, at these holy

Holes thou mayest taste the Sweetness of his Mercy.

Present thy self therefore unto him in all those humble Behaviours, which the Consideration of his Majesty, and thy Misery can possibly frame ; for the inward Affliction of the Spirit, except it break forth into some outward Gesture, is for the most Part altogether feigned, or very small.

O be penitent for the Time past, and resolute for the time to come ; and with as great Confidence as Necessity, cry unto him and say, *The Death of Saints is precious*, Psal. 116. 15. *Miserable is the Death of Sinners*, Psal. 34. 21.

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T H E  
T E R R O R S

That seize on

*Unpardoned Sinners*

At the Day of Judgment.

Isaiah, chap. xxxiii. ver. 14.

*The Sinners in Zion are afraid ; fearfulness  
hath surprized the Hypocrites : Who among  
us shall dwell with the devouring Fire ?  
Who among us shall dwell with everlast-  
ing Burning ?*

**W**O and alas to me, Wretch that  
I am ! What shall I do in that  
Day, that great and terrible Day,  
that Day of Fury and of Fear,  
when an universal Flood of Fire  
shall overspread the whole World, and



24 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
consume both the Beauty and Glory  
thereof into Nothing? Rev. 6. 17. For  
the great Day of his Wrath is come, and  
who shall be able to stand, Joel 2. 31. A  
Day wherein the Sun shall be turned into  
Darkness, and the Moon into Blood. This  
Day of God's Wrath is a dreadful  
and terrible Day to the Wicked, who call  
evil good, and good evil, who put dark-  
ness for light, and light for darkness, and  
put the evil Day far from them: Yet let  
them look to it, this Day will be a Day  
of Astonishment to them, Deut 28 28.  
The Lord shall smite them with Madness,  
and Blindness, and Astonishment of Heart.  
Oh! it will be with the wicked as it was  
with Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. 3. 24. who  
was astonish'd to behold the Works and  
Wonders of God, which the Lord wrought  
for the Deliverance of those that put  
their Trust in him; ver. 24, 25. Then  
Nebuchadnezzar the King was astonish'd  
and rose in haste, and spake, and said unto  
his Counsellors, Did we not cast three  
Men bound into the Fire? They answer'd  
and said unto the King, True, O King.  
He answered and said, Lo, I see four Men  
loose, walking in the midst of the Fire, and  
they have no Hurt, and the Form of the  
fourth

*fourth is like the Son of God.* O ye graceless Persons that now fear not God, nor tremble at his Word, he will make you then to tremble as he did *Belsazzar*, when he beheld the Hand-writing, *Dan. 5. 6.* Then the King's Countenance was changed, and his Thoughts troubled him, so that the Joints of his Loins were loosed, and his Knees smote one against another.

O ye Drunkards, Swearers, Lyars, Whoremongers, Covetous, and Oppressors of the Poor, you that do despise to the Spirit of Grace, and will not hearken to the many loving Calls and Invitations of Almighty God by his Spirit and Ministry, take notice that this Day of God's Wrath will be a Day of Terrors to you, which will make your Hearts sink within you, your Countenances to change, your Joints to be loosed, when the Terrors of the Almighty at this time shall seize upon you; therefore saith the Apostle, *1 Cor. 5. 11.* *Knowing the Terrors of the Lord, we persuade Men.*

This Day will be a Day of extream Sorrow and Anguish to the Wicked; *Prov. 1. 25.* *When your Fear shall come as Desolation, and your Destruction as a Whirlwind.* *Zeph. 1. 15.* *That Day is a*  
B 4 Day.

26    *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned  
Day of Wrath, a Day of Trouble and Dis-  
tress, a Day of Wasteness and Desolation,  
a Day of Darkness and Gloominess, a Day  
of Clouds and thick Darkness, and will  
bring-Distress upon Men, that they shall  
walk as blind as Men, because they have sin-  
ned against the Lord, and their Blood shall  
be poured out as Dust, and their Flesh as  
Dung; neither their Gold nor their Silver  
shall be able to deliver them in this Day  
of the Lord's Wrath. When at the sound  
of the Trumpet all Graves shall open,,  
and yield up their Prisoners, which they  
have kept fast fetter'd with the Chains of  
Death from all Ages since the World was  
made: When the Soul of every Sinner,  
at its Approach to the Body, shall cry  
out with Curses and Imprecations against  
it; O that I ever should be led aside into  
all manner of Wickedness by such a  
loathsome Lump of Carrion and Dung,  
and thereby lose the Enjoyment of God  
for ever, and be cast into utter Darkness,  
where there is nothing but Sorrow and  
Misery: and the Body shall again return  
to the Soul with a cruel Curse, that it  
should be abus'd, cheated, and deluded  
with such false and base Pleasures, to the  
everlasting Destruction of them both:*  
When

When with such Salutations as these they shall unite together, not as dear and beloved Companions, but as mortal Foes and Enemies; not as Helpers, Aiders, and Assisters one of another, but as cruel and outrageous Persecutors and Tormentors; not as one the Habitation of the other, but as the Prison, the Goal, the Dungeon, the Fetters wherein to endure perpetually the full Weight of an offended God Almighty's eternal Wrath and Indignation, which will sink them to the lowest Hell.

When the Books of every one's Conscience come to be laid open, and thereout a long Process drawn against them; when all the Sins which ever thou didst commit, both in Publick and Private, from thy Birth to thy Burial, shall be summon'd to appear against thee; and all the Actions, Words and Thoughts, which thou didst believe were either conceal'd or forgotten, shall be set in order before thee in so open and plain a View, that all the World shall take notice of thee, and say,

*O fie! Ah Shame and Confusion on him, see what he had done!* Then shalt thou be strictly examined how every Moment of thy Life, even to the twinkling of an

28 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
*Eye, hath been employ'd, Whether thou*  
*hast spent thy Time in God's Service, or the*  
*Devil's Drudgery? And thou shalt be forc'd*  
to make answer to many Things, where-  
of thou wouldest have scorn'd to have  
been either questioned or told during the  
time of Life; when not only thy *Acti-*  
*ons*, but thy *Surcease from Action*; not  
only thy *Words*, but also thy *Silence*; and  
as well the *Vacancy of thy Mind*, as thy  
least and lightest *Thoughts*, shall be se-  
verely examin'd, the one for committing  
that which is evil, the other for omitting  
that which is good, it being sufficient to  
condemn that thou lived'st, *Matth. 17.*  
As the Fig-tree was accursed which did  
bear Leaves and no Fruit, so thy Life  
was not employ'd in God's Service.

*Then the Heavens shall threaten thee, the*  
*Earth shall cast thee up, and all the Creatures*  
*which thou hast abused shall cry for Venge-*  
*ance from the eternal God against thee; the*  
*Devils shall accuse thee, thy own Conscience give*  
*Evidence against thee and condemn thee;*  
*and the whole Jury of Saints pass their Ver-*  
*dict upon thee.*

O pure spotless Christian Religion!  
what Holiness, what Purity dost thou  
teach? How strict Reckoning dost thou  
exact?



exact? How severe a Judgment dost thou expect? It is not sufficient that our Lives be holy, but they must be employ'd in Works of Righteousness and true Holiness. It is not sufficient that our Actions are not hurtful and impure, but they must always be entirely bent to that which is good; not our Actions only and our Words, but our secret Imaginations shall be strictly examined, even in that manner that the Prophet hath declared, *Zeph. i. 12. At that time will I search Jerusalem with Candles, and visit the Men that are frozen upon their Dregs, and say in their Hearts, The Lord will neither do good nor evil.*

Ah Wretch! What a mountainous Heap of Sins will be laid to thy Charge, which now thou dost not remember nor regard? How many of thy Actions, which now thou judgest to be good and harmless, will, upon the Touch at this Trial, be found most dreadful, most heinous, and most horrible Sins? No Defence, no Denial will that Day serve thy turn, either to countenance or cover them; it will be in vain to make any Excuses or Intreaties: No Place will then remain for the one, or Pity for the other: Nothing shall be granted that shall be required, because

30 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
nothing was performed that was com-  
manded; and therefore without Favour  
or Delay, thou must receive Sentence ac-  
cording to the Law, *Exodus 21. 24. Eye*  
*for Eye, Tooth for Tooth, Wound for Wound,*  
*Stripe for Stripe*: So submitting thy self  
to suffer according to the Deserts of thy  
sinful Actions.

Now, heedless and careless Sinner,  
will not this cause thee to cast out most  
hideous Cries? Is not this enough to  
draw forth the dearest Drops of thy  
Blood into Tears, *Acts 24. 26. Felix*  
the President of *Judea*, altho' he was an  
Infidel, did tremble when *St. Paul* dis-  
puted to him of Judgment. And dost  
thou that art a Christian, remain unmov'd  
and unconcerned? O horrible and unpa-  
rallel'd Stupidity! *Job* being a just Man,  
gave this good Character of himself; he  
always trembled before the Majesty of  
the most high God, like one that saileth  
in a stormy Tempest; and that his Fear  
hath been so great, that he was not able  
to bear it; and dost thou, a most sinful  
Wretch, remain still secure? O stony and  
rocky Heart, which these Blows do not  
break! O heavy Sleep of thy Soul, thou  
art not asleep, but dead, if these Pinches  
do

do not awake thee ! But proceed a little further, examine the rest, altho' it far exceed thy Apprehension, do not altogether suppress that which thou art not fully able to express ; take a light touch of these Terrors which the more suddenly and unexpectedly they fall upon thee, the more intolerable they will be to be endured.

Examine and see who shall be thy Judge,—even He, in whatsoever thou hast done amiss, thou hast very greatly displeased and offended ; He, I say, whose glorious Majesty thou hast by thy base and unworthy Actions very much dishonoured ; *Whose Mercy thou hast slighted ; whose Might thou hast despised, whose Glory thou hast abased, whose unspeakable Goodness thou hast abused, whose Presence thou hast profaned, and whose long Patience thou hast thought to be through Ignorance, or Allowance of thy Evil.*

In what Assembly shall this Judgment be ? Even before the whole Court of Heaven, in the Presence of all the *Angels*, in the Presence of all the *Saints*, whose bright Beauty and Purity will  
make

32 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
make thy Deformity more ugly and monstrous, as contrarily compared together, doth most evidently demonstrate; so many *Devils* as there are, so many *Accusers* shall be against thee, so many *Witnesses* shall be against thee, answerable to the *Sins* thou hast committed. What Tremblings, what Shame, what Confusion of Face will then seize on thee! What Admiration will there be of Heaven and of Earth! What looking on of all Creatures, when in the Assembly of *Saints* and *Angels*, as so many Stars before the Presence of Jesus Christ, the bright Son of *Purity* and *Glory*, a loathsome and wretched Sinner shall be brought forth, poor, miserable, blind, naked, and alone, accompany'd only with his accusing Conscience, and arrayed with the Ornaments of his Iniquities, when the large History of his wicked and sinful Life shall be openly read, and the Clamour of his Sins shall strike his Conscience into a Damp,

Then shall the *Devil* also in this Manner depose and declare against him: O just Judge, I have done him no Pleasure nor Kindness, nor endured for him any Pain, and yet see what a willing and quick Ear he hath given to all my Directions,

rections, how duly he hath followed my Commandments, and that with great Delight, insomuch that he is perfectly transformed into my Image ; and for thee who hast done so much Good, and suffered so much Evil from him, he has not in the least remembered thee, unless in proud Contempt, or base Mockery of thee, or else obstinate Cruelty and Despite ;

And also shall then cry out against thee *Not the guiltless Blood of Abel, but the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he hath maliciously shed and profanely trampled under Foot : And the Judge shall in this Manner expostulate with thee.*

*Stand forth, thou peevish and perverse Wretch : What hast thou seen in me worthy of this Contempt ? What want of Perfection in my self, or of Love and Liberality towards thee ? I framed thee out of the Dust of the Earth, and formed thee in my own Image, to recover thee from thy willful Fall ; I went down from Heaven ; I was born in great Poverty ; I lived in great Pain ; I dyed with intolerable Torments and Scorn : Witness these Wounds ; witness the Earth which trembled ; witness the Heavens which drew in their*



34 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned  
their Light when my Death was in Action  
and drawing on. Come on now, where  
is thy Thankfulness to me for my Good-  
ness and Mercy? Where is my chearful  
Obedience to all my Commands? How  
hast thou answered all my Offers and Ten-  
ders of Grace and Mercy? How hast thou  
used the Means and Opportunities that  
have been put into thy Hands to draw  
thee to Newness of Life? What Desire  
to the Work of Mercy and Charity, which  
I commanded? What Love of thy Neigh-  
bour, which I commended unto thee? Is  
this the Account thou hast made of my  
Sufferings? Is this all the Estimation thou  
hast of the Shedding of my Blood? Here-  
upon that dreadful Sentence shall be  
pronounced against thee, Depart from me  
ye Cursed.*

Depart from thee, O Christ! Why  
thou art all things, and therefore the Loss  
of thee is an universal Loss of all things;  
thou art the greatest Good, and therefore  
to be deprived of thee is the greatest  
Evil: Thou art the very Center and per-  
fect Rest of the Soul; and therefore to be  
cast from thee, is the most cruel Separation  
that can be. But whither, O Lord,  
wilt

wilt thou banish me? Into everlasting Fire? What, into Fire! Into everlasting Fire! Ah Wretch! both in my unhappy Birth, and ungodly Beginning, and in my ungracious End. Before thou didst invite me with thy Blessing, but then thou wilt load with sad and heavy Curses. *Isa. 33. 14. The Sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness hath surprized the Hypocrites: Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire; who among us shall dwell with everlasting Burnings? Alas! what have I done? Whom have I offended? Whom have I provoked? If the Just shall scarcely be saved, where shall the wicked appear? And so what shall become of me, wretched Sinner? Where shall I hide me, or how shall I appear? To go forward will be intolerable, to go backward will be impossible, to turn aside unavailable: And so great will be the Astonishment between Sorrow, Shame, and Fear, that the guilty Sinner shall be desirous to hide himself, even in Hell.*

What Way shall I then take in these desperate Extremities? Whither shall I turn my self? What Shift, what Friends shall

36 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
shall I be able to make? All things giving Cause of Terror, and nothing of Comfort: With what Countenance shall I be able to sustain the Majesty of the most severe Judge, both in searching out and punishing Offences? Who cannot be blinded, and will not be corrupted.

The Heavens and the Earth shall fly before his Presence: The Saints and Angels shall be touched with *Terror* and *Astonishment*; not for any Danger towards themselves, but at the Greatness of his Indignation, even as a harmless Child will be afraid of the Fury of his offended Father against his Bond-slave; or as a tempestuous Sea will strike *Astonishment* to him that stands safe upon the Shore. Alas then, what shall I do, but even faint for Fear, and stand as a most desperate and forlorn Wretch, full of unfruitful Repentance, deprived both of Comfort and Courage, trembling and quaking before his Majesty, whom so grievously I have provoked, being astonished and confounded at the intolerable Vehemency and Weight of his Wrath; at the inexcusable Number and Greatness of

of my Sins, at the caseless and endless Punishment which I shall see I have deserved.

What then shall be my Comfort, when I shall be surrounded in these extreme Streights, having on one side my Sins accusing me, on the other side Justice threatening me: Above, an angry Judge condemning of me; Beneath, *Hell* open, and the boiling Furnace ready to devour me; Before, the Devils with bitter Scoffs and Upbraidings hawling of me; Behind, the Saints, and my nearest Friends and Relations, not only forsaking me, but rejoicing and praising God for his Justice in my Damnation; Within, my Conscience tearing me; Without, the Powers of Heaven shaken and dissolved, the Elements snivered in pieces, the whole World flaming, and all damned Souls crying and cursing round about me; for I have neither Power to resist thee, nor Patience to bear thee, nor Place to avoid thee, and doubtless it is impossible: What an inestimable Treasure a good Conscience will be at that Day? And if a Sinner could now but imagine the infinite Terror and Torments which then he shall see is falling upon his Head, he would

38 *The Terrors that seize on unpardoned*  
not adventure to endure them one Moment for the Enjoyment of all the false and transitory Pleasures his Sin can afford.

All the Course of our Life is a continual Passage, every Moment of our Time is one Step towards this Judgment; and yet so far are we either from Shame or Compassion on our selves, that even in going to our Tryal, we cease not only to aggravate, but multiply our Crimes, and provoke his Displeasure who must give Sentence upon us.

Alas Wretch! What shall I do? If I speak, my Sins stand up against me; if I hold my Peace, I find no Man to comfort me. Mourn, O my Soul, drown thy self in bitter Mourning: Howl out and lament, because of these heavy Horrors which thy Offences prepare daily to heap on thee, thou being as unable to repel the one, as worthily to repress or repent the other.

And now thou dost see these Evils, see also if thou canst avoid them; let no Pains be too great, no Petitions either too often or too earnest, to make Provision against that Day. Trample under Foot the Vanities of this Life; shake them off



as St. Paul did the Viper into the Fire, least at last they shake thee into the Fire : Strike of all Delay that hath already devoured too much of thy good time.

Enter now into Judgment against thy self, that when thou shalt appear in that Day before the Great Judge, he may find thee judged ; follow the Counsel of him who would be thy Advocate, before he will be thy Judge : Follow the Advice of him, who, as he best knoweth the Danger of this Day, so hath he taught us in these Words to prevent them, *Take heed to your selves, that your Hearts be not made heavy with eating and drinking, and Cares of this Life, and that Day come suddenly upon thee.*

Run, O run unto thy own Refuge, Jesus Christ thy Redeemer, and become, as it becometh thee, an humble Suppliant in the lowest Degree both of Sorrow and Shame : Prostrate thy self before his Presence with the same Confusion of Face as a Wife that hath committed Adultery would present her self to her injured Husband ; pour out thy Tears at his Feet, make an abject Countenance and Gesture, unfeigned Messengers of thy distressed Mind ; let thy Words be seasoned with  
Sighs,

Sighs, and bathed in Tears, and so address thy self unto him; altho' it be late, it is not too late to call for his Mercy; and wherefore shouldest thou be consumed in saying Nothing? As it is impossible he should forget the Passion he endur'd, so it is not credible that he should not have Compassion on thee for whom he suffer'd.

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SOME

Some HOLY

# DIRECTIONS

## To Die Well.

**D**EAR Hearts, what doth the Lord require of you, but to do justly, to love Mercy, and walk humbly with thy God, and to break off with your Sins, and to take no more Pleasure or Delight in them, but hate and abhor them for the future, and utterly cast them behind your Backs, and to press forwards towards the Mark of the Prize of the High Calling in Christ Jesus our Lord : For the Time is hastening and coming on, wherein it shall be said, *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still ; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still ; and he that is righteous, let him be*

*be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.*

Therefore, you Sinners that are in a lost and undone Condition, look to it before it be too late, and your Day of Grace be over, and the Door of Mercy shut. Consider seriously your Time is short, yea very short, your Breath is in your Nostrils, your Life but a Vapour, your Day but a Span, and can you tell what will be to Morrow or the next Moment? Can you lengthen your Days? Can you cause the Air to breathe, or the Wind to blow, or the Sun to shine? Can you give light to any thing? Know you your own Life, or what is in you? Are you sure of one Breath more: If you cannot do any of these things, is it not high time to awake out of Sleep, lest you sleep the Sleep of Death? And leave off your old Course of Sinning, and doing despite to the Spirit of Grace, with your Excess, with your Riot, with your Pride, Haughtiness, Surfeitings, Drunkenness, Gluttony, Wantonness, Cursing, Swearing, Dicing, Gaming, Chambering, Revelling, spending the Creatures on your Lust, Lovers of Pleasures more than God, with such like. But this was not the end for which you were

were made; rather that you should be *Humble, Severe, Meek, Just, Temperate, Lovers of good Things, Lovers of God, Liberal, Charitable, given to good Works, Lovers of Hospitality, Kind, Virtuous, serving the Lord without Distraction, passing the Time of your Sojourning here in Fear.*

Be exhorted then not to live in the Pleasures of this Life; for they have Stings in their Tails, and will certainly bring Sorrow and Misery in the End; *For he that liveth in Pleasure, is dead whilst he liveth:* But draw nigh to God, and he will draw to you; *Cleanse your Hands you Sinners, purifie your Hearts ye double Minded; be afflicted, mourn and weep, let your Laughter be turned into Mourning, and your Joy into Heaviness; humble your selves in the Sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.*

O! up, and be doing the Work of the Day, for the Night cometh wherein no Man can work; begin this great Work of Repentance and Reformation this Day and put it off no longer; Delays are very dangerous; be not like *Solomon's Sluggard*, or like the five foolish Virgins that had their Oil to seek when the Bridegroom



groom came, and whilst they went to seek for Oil to supply the Want of their Lamps, the Door was shut. Seriously weigh and consider what those would give for the Offers of Grace and Mercy, that are now roaring in Hell's Flames; they would certainly be heartily willing to give a thousand Worlds for those Privileges you now enjoy: Should God but say to some of the Damned, that are now in Hell for Drunkenness, Whoredom, and other Abominations, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden*, it is not to be imagined how joyfully they would receive such pleasant Tydings: O therefore take warning; you do not know how soon this miserable Condition may be yours; and how can you think to escape, if you neglect so great Salvation.

But the Devils in Hell too much know and feel Misery and Torment, to slight Mercy if it were offered to them. But woe and alas! Poor damned Wretches, there is not so much as one Scruple of Mercy or Compassion, no, not so much as one Drop of Water to allay the Heat of their burning Tongues. O therefore make your Peace with God before it be too late; for if you lose your Souls, you lose

lose all, and then you are undone for ever.

Consider, the Land of Darknes is no Place for doing Business, there is no Repenting in the Grave: No *Lord have mercy* is written upon *Hell Gates*: No *Sabbaths*, no *Sermons*, no *Ministry*, no *Ordinances*, nor any *Means* at all there: It is in the *Time* of our *Health* and *Strength* we must make *Preparation* for *Heaven*. Therefore make it your *Business* daily to live so uprightly, justly, holily, as that when it is the *Will* of *God* to call you hence, you may be fitted and prepared to appear before his dreadful *Tribunal*, that you may not fall into the *Condemnation* of the *Wicked*, which is dreadful and intolerable, *Psal. 11. 6. Upon the Wicked he shall rain Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, and an horrible Tempest: This shall be the Portion of their Cup. Psal. 140. 10. Let burning Coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the Fire, into deep Pits, that they rise not up again.*

The infinitely Holy and Heart searching God watcheth, seeth, and takes a strict Account of all your Actions, and they will find you out, and if not truly repented of and pardoned, they will lie down

with you in the Grave, and follow you into another World, and meet you at God's dreadful Bar, and be open to the View of the whole World. Sin is a bad Bed-fellow, and a worse Grave-fellow.

Therefore shake off all your evil Courses, cease from doing Evil, learn to do Well, otherwise they will bring Bitterness in the end. Sinners, you are still the living Monuments of God's infinite Kindness and Mercy: Suppose you had fetch'd your last Breath when Death seemed to be near you; when you who were sick, and ready to give up the Ghost, or when those many Thousands died by the Plague and Sword; in what a sad and lamentable Condition, would your Souls have been, to be lock'd up with Devils and damned Souls in that infernal Lake that burneth with Fire and Brimstone. O! and will you dare to stand it out with the most High God your Maker, that can command you into nothing, or into Hell? What, are you stark Mad, or out of your Wits, to make God, that should be your best Friend, your greatest Enemy? *For if his Anger be kindled but a little, it will burn to the lowest Hell.*

Therefore, whatsoever it is now your Duty to do both to God and Man, now set about it, and do it with all your Might, *Ecclesiasticus 9. 10.* Now before the Decree comes forth, and the Day pass as the Chaff, before the fierce Anger of the Lord come upon you.

Be very careful and diligent in those Means that are appointed for your Salvation. *2 Pet. 1. 10.* Make your Calling and Election sure. Work out your Salvation with Fear and Trembling. It is our present Work and Business to make sure of future Happiness and Blessedness. When our Friends, Pleasures, Profits, Honours, and all this World can afford, cannot be made sure, let this be made sure, if ever you intend to be happy. You may see by daily Experience they are very uncertain; Therefore lay up for your selves a good Foundation, *1 Tim. 6. 19* Why? That you may make sure of eternal Happiness, for there is no landing at the Shore of Felicity, without sailing in the Bark of Fidelity; till you make sure of Salvation, you will never be free from Temptations. *Luke 13. 24.* Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate.

*Therefore Pray without ceasing, 1 Thes. 4. 17. Pray continually, though you be not always at Prayer. Our daily Wants call for daily Prayers. Every Morning put up your Prayers to the most high God, Maker of Heaven and Earth. Let it be your first Work, and your last Work. You that would be Christians indeed, and not in outward Show and Profession only, lock up your Hearts with Prayer, and give God the Key, and he will preserve you, and then you may sleep without any fear of Danger. You are willing to be called by the Name of Christ, and would take it very ill should any call you by any other Name; and will you not call upon the Name of Christ? O you will never want a Praying Time, if you do not want a Praying Frame: none can Pray aright, but those that are born of the Spirit: A Spiritual Man may Pray Carnally, but a Carnal Man cannot Pray Spiritually. O the Strength and Virtue of Divine Prayer! It will fetch Fire from Heaven; yea, an Angel from Heaven to fetch a *Peter* out of Prison: They that Pray heartily and in Faith, may be fully assured they shall speed happily: The Gift of Prayer may have Praise with*



with Men, but it is the Grace of Prayer that hath any Influence or Power with God.

*Secondly, Take all Opportunities, and embrace them, for the hearing of the good Word of God, for Faith comes by hearing of the Word preached.*

Take nothing upon Trust, but all that you hear, upon Trial: Tho' all Gold glisters, yet *All is not Gold that glisters*: That may be false that goes for true; and too often it happens so, to the Sorrow of a great many: 1 John 4. 1. *Therefore try the Spirits, believe not every Spirit, see whether they be of God or no* 1 Thess. 5. 21. *Prove all Things, and hold fast that which is good*: That is, Try all Things that you hear for Doctrine by the Scriptures. Many believe before they try, and so are many times deceived; but if we would not be cheated, and believe a Lye, we must try and prove the Truth of any Thing before we believe it. Alas! there are many in the World that are like Infants, who swallow down all that is put into their Mouths, that which every Man says, down it goes for Truth, and will not take the Pains, as to try the Sayings of Men by the Sayings of

God : O, say they, the Men we hear are honest Men, able Men, and learned Men : I suppose you would tell Money after these Men, or weigh Gold, and yet will you run the Hazard, and dare to venture the well being of your immortal Souls, in taking their Doctrine upon trust, without trial ; Who but Fools will be thus credulous ? But, I pray remember, altho' the Whore's Cup is Gold without, it is rank Poison within, *Rev. 17. 4. She had a Golden Cup in her Hand full of Abominations and Filthiness.* There are them that will speak like Angels of Light, but act like Angels of Darknes : Therefore take care what you hear, and if it be that which is agreeable to the Word, put forwards with doing of it with all your might, *and be not only Hearers of the Word but Doers.*

*Thirdly, Live in Love and Charity towards all Men, your greatest Enemies as well as your best Friends, 1 John 3. 18. My Children, let us not Love in Word, neither in Tongue, but in Deed and in Truth. Let your Love be real and true, and not selfish. Gal. 5. 14. Love thy Neighbour as thy self. And he that is wanting in this great Work, doth not*  
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rightly and truly love himself; this Love is call'd an old Commandment and a new Commandment; it is as old as the Law of *Moses*, and as new as the glorious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The natural and moral Man may love his Friend; but the true Christian, the Christian indeed, loves his Enemies. That great God of Heaven and Earth, that loved us when we were his greatest Enemies, commands us to love those that are our Enemies, *Matth. 4. 24. Love your Enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.* A Christian should wish the best to them, that wish the worst to him.

*Fourthly, Be humble Christians, Matth. 11. 29. Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in Heart, and you shall find rest to your Souls:* For proud Sinners are fit Company for none but proud Devils; the most lordly Professor is the most lowly Professor. A Believer is like a Vessel at Sea, the more it fills, the more it sinks; none so humble on Earth, as those that live highest in Heaven. Do but see how one of the best Saints look'd upon himself as one of the least of Saints: *Unto*

me, who am less than the least of all Saints, is the Grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable Riches of Christ. Where Humility is the Corner Stone, there Piety is the Top Stone. The Cloth of Humility should be always worn upon the Back of Christianity.

If you were to go but to the Graves of those that are gone before, you there would see their Bones scattered, their Eyes wasted, their Flesh consumed, their Mouths corrupted, that, it is like, were lofty Ones once. Where be now their ruddy Lips, their lovely Cheeks, their fluent Tongues, their sparkling Eyes? Are they not all gone, and come to nothing? And so will you be e'er long. Therefore what cause have you to be proud of those Things? But an humble Heart delighteth in nothing more than God's Grace; and all his Aim and End in all his Actions is God's Glory.

*Fifthly*, If we have got into God's Favour, let us be sure to labour to keep in his Favour whilst we live, and then certainly we shall die in his Favour, Says David, Psalm 73. 28. *It is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my Trust in the Lord God, that I may declare*  
all

*all his Works. He that dwelleth under the Shadows and Protection of the most High, no evil Designs of his Enemies shall ever do him any harm, Psalm 91. 10. He will give his Angels charge over thee. Though the Fig-Tree should not blossom, and there be no Fruit on the Vine; though the Labour of the Olive should fail, and the Field should yield no Meat, and the Flocks should be cast off from the Fold, and the Herbs from the Stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, yet will I rejoice in the God of my Salvation, Heb. 3. 17, 18. The Name of the Lord is a strong Tower, and the Righteous flee to it, and are safe, James 4. 8. Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you.*

*Sure this is great Comfort to you that are People of God, though you be as Lillies among Thorns, and as Sheep among Wolves, you have a God to go to: Come, my People, enter into thy Chamber, shut the Door about thee, hide thy self as it were for a little Moment, until his indignation be over-past. Let the World frown, and Friends forsake you; God will make all these Enjoyments a thousand times double to you: Do you but keep in God's Ways, and you will be sure of*



God's Protection: Do you but keep God's Precepts, and God will keep your Person: Do what God commands, and avoid what God forbids, and then you need not fear what Man can do unto you. If you would have God to take care of you, you must cast your Care upon God, wait on him, walk with him, obey his Precepts, and believe his Promises.

Sixthly, Make Religion your chief Business: *Wherefore the rather, Brethren, give all Diligence to make your Calling and Election sure, 2 Pet. 1. 10. Work out your Salvation with Fear and Trembling, Phil. 2. 2. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his Righteousness, and all these Things shall be added to you, Matth. 6. 33.* O why is the Glory of this World so much regarded, but because the Glory of Heaven is so little minded? What is an Earthly Kingdom in comparison of an Heavenly Kingdom? The Angels themselves, though they are glorious Spirits, they are ministring Spirits. Do not most Men in the World make light of God, and Christ, and the Spirit, and their precious Souls? *Matth. 23. 3, 4, 5. And he sent forth his Servants to call them that were bidden to the Wedding, and they would*  
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not come. Again he sent forth other Servants, saying, Tell them that are bidden, behold I have prepared my Dinner, my Oxen and Fatlings are killed, and all Things are ready, come unto the Marriage: But they made light of it, one to his Farm, another to his Merchandize. O wretched Worldlings, indeed! Who will Read, Hear, and Pray, when they have nothing else to do: But did such Men know what it is to lose everlasting Glory, and to be cast into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devils and his Angels, surely they would never dare to do as they do, to make Religion such a By-Business. Oh! If they did but know the worth of their Souls, and the want of a Saviour, the shortness of their Time, and the greatness of their Work, they would not neglect God and their own Souls as they do! Surely no.

O my dear Hearts! Whoever you be that happen to read these few Lines, let me beg of you to make Religion your main Business, Hearing, Reading, Praying, Believing, and doing your chief Business. Take St. John's Advice: Labour not for the Meat which perisheth, but for that Meat which endureth to everlasting Life.

*Life, which the Son of Man shall give you ; for him hath God the Father sealed.*

*Seventhly, and Lastly, Do nothing in this World, but what you can answer in another ; For we shall all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ, that every one may receive for the Things he hath done, in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, 2 Cor. 5. 10. In the Day when God shall judge the Secrets of Men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel, Rom. 2. 16. He hath appointed a Day, in which he shall judge the World in Righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained, Acts 27. 31. For God shall bring every Work into Judgment, every Secret, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, Eccles. 12. Let these few Scriptures warn you not to do any thing in this World, but what you can answer in another.*

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A SHORT  
 DISCOURSE  
 OF THE  
 GREAT DANGER  
 OF A

*Delayed and Death-Bed Repentance.*

**O**bserve these few Directions, and not only so, but make a thorough Search into the *sad Condition* that your *Souls* are in. Lift up your Eyes, miserable Souls, and see to what you were created, and behold in what a sad and deplorable Condition you are now in. Thou was created to be the Spouse of Christ, the Temple of God, a Vessel of Election, and Throne of the true *Solomon*, even the rich and royal Seat of Wisdom : But now the Spouse of Christ is held, and detained in  
 the

the ugly Arms and adulterous Embrace-  
ments of the Devil; the Temple of Christ  
is turned into a Cage of unclean Birds,  
to a Den of Thieves; the Vessel of Ele-  
ction is filled with Filth; of Wisdom is  
become a Seat of Folly, a Seat of Madneſs,  
a Chair of Unholineſs.

Alas! wretched Soul, let the Conſide-  
ration of this ſad Condition melt thy hard  
Heart, and cauſe thy dry Eyes to yield  
ſome Tears: Lament thy miſerable Eſtate,  
lament thy miſerable Soul: Beſtow ſome  
Lamentations upon thy ſelf. O poor Soul,  
the very Heavens lament thee, the Angels  
lament thee, yea the Saints lament thee:  
*Chriſt* let more Tears fall for thee out of  
the Abundance of his Love, than he did  
for the deſolation of that beautiful City  
*Jeruſalem*. Alas! Lamentable Soul, when  
didſt thou feel, when find in thy ſelf the  
moſt comfortable Guest of Conſcience,  
the holy Spirit; which, whereſoever it en-  
treth, abideth not idle? It doth not only  
adorn the Soul with its Preſence, but ſan-  
ctifies it with its Virtues, working all  
Things that are neceſſary to Salvation: It  
ſitteth in the Soul as a Maſter in the Houſe,  
directing; as a Teacher in the School,  
inſtructing; as a King in his Dominions,  
ruling:



uling ; a Soul in a Body, giving Life, Sense and Motion to every Member ; as the Sun in the Heavens, illuminating the Understanding, inflaming the Will, making us not only able, but apt and willing to mount upward ; it maketh us decline all manner of Evil, and only to cleave to that which is Good, and to persevere in it, and at last puts us into Possession of the Reward of it.

But this good Friend hath been a very Stranger unto thee : Thou hast not affected, thou hast not invited, thou hast not entertained him as thou oughtest ; but rather treated him as the *Gaderenes*, and compelled him, as the *Samaritans* did Christ, to depart from thee ; thou hast altogether stifled thy Conscience, or lull'd it at least into a sound and secure Sleep, using thy best Endeavours to sharpen thy Wits, to frame Arguments either to justify or excuse this Ingratitude towards him, which, join'd with Custom, hath brought thee to no Sense of many Sins, which at first were fearfully committed by thee, and which thy own Conscience doth still convince thee is very bad. The Prophet *Elisha* said to his Servant *Gebazi*, *Thou hast taken Silver and Garments of Naaman,*  
also

*also the Leprosie of Naaman shall cleave unto thee.* The like Sentence thou hast likewise found; thou hast affected the vile Vanities of this World, and thou art infected with a Leprosie of the same. O my Soul! what do'st thou intend? What can'st thou pretend? Wilt thou still continue in this wicked Course of Life? Do'st thou never intend to change thy Carriage? Wilt thou live and die in thy Sins, and so be damn'd for ever? I suppose thou wilt answer, *No, thou hast some intentions hereafter to amend.* But if ever thou do'st intend to take to a good Course of Life, why not now? Why hereafter? Let me tell thee, no Excuses at the least will serve thy turn; therefore take heed how thou goest on in folding of thy Arms, in putting thy Hands into thy Bosom with *Solomon's* Sluggard, crying, *A little more Sleep, a little more Slumber:* When will it be more easy? When more convenient? No Time more easy, nor so convenient as the present Time, *Now is the acceptable Time, now is the Day of Salvation.*

Alas! poor Soul, how miserably art thou entangled in the Witchcraft of this World? How deceitfully doth the Devil abuse

abuse thee, by dissuading thee from that which he cannot but deny to be most necessary for thee to do? How cunningly doth he suffer thee to play upon the Hook, and think that at Pleasure thou may'st escape.

Assuredly, whensoever thou shalt offer to break from him, he will ever persuade thee that it is not yet time, whensoever thou shalt offer to cast him forth, he always cries, that he is tormented before his Time: By often, by ever renewing Delays, he shall and will seek to win thy whole Time from thee, and to ensnare thee for ever.

But look, I pray thee, to the State of thy Life; examine those Years that are already past and gone: Consider the Age wherein thou now livest, and thou shalt easily see that it is high Time, or rather past Time for thee to settle thy self to Amendment of Life; and if thou had'st never committed any one Sin, yet all this Time is short enough to repent of those thou broughtest with thee; and if thou had'st brought none, yet those thou daily committest, and hath Time little enough to repent of, and reform; thinkest thou that for all thy Sins, Original  
and

and Actual, thou hast too much Time to repent in?

Nor yet easy, nor yet convenient to break off with thy Sins? Tell me, silly Soul, blinded with Ignorance, either affected or very gross, how canst thou think it will be more easy and more convenient for thee hereafter, when evil Custom shall grow more strong, and settle thee in a Habit of Sin; when the Faculties of thy Soul shall be more weak, or more corrupt; when the possession of the Devil shall be both of greater Force and Familiarity within thee; and when thou shalt be more separate from the Assistance of God's Grace, which is the only Means that maketh our Conversion easy.

If these be now the only Impediments, the only Causes and Hinderances, is any Man of so weak a Judgment to think his Conversion will be more easy hereafter? Is not this the Custom of bad Debtors, who daily defer Payment, and daily encrease their Debts, and so grow more unable to discharge them? Is it not thus with a ruinous Building, the longer it is suffer'd to run, the more Charge it will require to be repair'd: So fast as our  
Sins

Sins do encrease, so fast do the Knots multiply, wherewith the Soul is ty'd to the Pleasure of the Devil; so fast do the Chains grow both heavier and stronger, wherewith it is fetter'd, clogg'd, and hinder'd from returning to God.

If thou can'st not pass thro' the Ford when the Waters are low; how wilt thou do it when they are risen? If it be hard for thee to pluck up a Twig, what wilt thou do when it is grown to a Tree? If the Sparks, the Coals, the Firebrands of Hell be not easily quench'd, to what Rage will the full Flame thereof arise? If thy green Wounds be so hard to be cur'd what will be thy old fester'd Sore? Now thou art to strive with a few Sins, hereafter they will be many: Now thou art wrestling against the evil Custom of a few Years, hereafter it will be a grounded Custom of a long Continuance; every Day thy Sins increase in Multitude, because one Sin draweth on another, and thy Custom of Sinning encreaseth in Strength until it groweth to be natural unto thee.

He that driveth a Nail, strikes at first easily, and afterwards doubleth his Blow, insomuch that the more Blows he striketh,  
the



the more it is fastned, and the harder it will be to draw forth; so all our evil Actions are so many Strokes to fasten Sin within our Souls: The more sinful Actions we commit, the faster Sin sticketh within us, and the harder it will be to get clear of it. By use of sinning, the Understanding is darkened and made blind; the Will is weakened and made more inclinable to Evil; the Appetite is disordered; all the inferior Passions are made headstrong and rebellious against the Government of Reason.

Hereby it cometh to pass, that many Men in their decrepid Age and through weakness of Nature, they are not able to act in several sorts of Sins any longer, yet they take a greater Pleasure in thinking and discoursing of them, than ever they did in the committing of them; for by continual Custom which possesseth the Place of Nature, the Love of those Vices is so rooted into the Heart of the Soul, so soaked into the Substance thereof, that it cannot possibly be separated from the same. Hereupon *Job* saith in the 20th of *Job*, and the 11th Verse, *His bones are full of the sins of his youth, and they shall lie down with him in the dust.*

What

What Folly is it then? Nay, how far doth it exceed the Bounds of Folly? How mad, how insensible art thou, O my Soul, to defer thy Amendments, to delay thy Repentance to this impotent Age, which is so unfit to follow those severe Exercises which both the Conversion of a Sinner, and the Conversation of a Christian doth require, that it is sometimes not able to bear its own Infirmities? What, wilt thou lay the greatest Burthen on the weakest Beast? That Burthen (which in thy full Strength thou wast not able to bear, wilt thou yet make it more heavy, and lay it upon thy declining Years? Wilt thou spend the flourishing Years of thy Youth, Beauty, and Strength, in the Service of the Devil, and think it sufficient to consecrate impotent old Age to the Service of Almighty God?

No, assure your self God will not accept of such Service, for he requireth the fattest and the fairest, without blemish, for Sacrifice in every Peace-Offering, *Lew. 3. All the Fat is the Lord's.* He rebuked and punish'd those who offered the worst part of their Substance, *Malac. 1. 8. The blind, the lame, and the sick unto him*; this God requireth in the Substance of his People,

People, but he requireth more in themselves, in themselves he not only requires the best part, but the intire, the whole; if the Devil hath a part, God careth for none.

If then the last Age of thy Life be so insufficient, so unfit for true Repentance, what account wilt thou make of the last Hour of the same? Darest thou adventure to defer this great and weighty Work of thy Soul unto the last Hour, wherein it is almost impossible it should be perform'd? O heavy hour! O dangerous Delay! It is the Nature of good Things to be hardly attained, and dost thou think to attain the best and most excellent Good, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Enjoyment of Almighty God, the Society of Angels, with so little Labour, at so low a Price? Is it not against the Law of Equity and Justice, that he who spendeth his whole Life in the Service of the Devil, should expect Wages, or any good Reward from Almighty God? Doth not the Judgment against the Five foolish Virgins make thee afraid, who never made Preparations for Oyl until the Bridegroom came, then they went to seek for Oyl to trim their Lamps, and the while the Door was shut.

Search

Search the Scriptures, and thou shalt find it a general Rule, such as the Life is, so is the Death; as the Tree falleth, so it lieth; as Death leaves thee, so Judgment will find thee. *Eccles. 21. 10.* *The Way of Sinners is paved with Stones, but at the end thereof is Hell, Darkness and Pain.* The Prophet David saith in *Psal. 61. 12.* That God rewardeth every Man according to his Works. St. Paul tells thee, that the End of the Wicked will be according to his Works. *Gal. 6.* Look what a Man soweth, that he shall reap: he that soweth in the Flesh, shall of the Flesh reap Corruption; he that soweth in the Spirit, shall in the Spirit reap Life everlasting. Generally thou shalt find it so thorough all the whole Course of the Scriptures, nothing more spoken of than this one Sentence, under some Variety of Words: If then the End of a Man be answerable to this Life; if naturally the End of all Things be answerable to the middle Passage, what can be expected from a wicked Life, but a wretched End: Doth not a Tree fall that Way, whither by growing it doeth incline? He whose Thoughts, Words and Actions, whose whole Life did incline towards Hell,

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whither

whither in the End will he fall? Where will he lie? Where shall he abide? *Luke 16. 36. Heaven and Hell are directly opposite, and a great distance lieth between them, the Ways to them quite contrary.* If all thy Life thou hast travelled the way to Hell, is it probable in the End thou should'st arrive at Heaven?

God can indeed, when he pleases, inspire into thee true Repentance; it is Impiety to abridge either his Mercy or his Power: But how often hath he done it in the last Hour of Life? How many do then truly repent? Is not all that thou can'st do in this Hour, rather upon Necessity than Choice of thy Will, constrained rather than freely performed, proceeding rather from Fear than from Love; and if it be not from Love, it is not of God, but of thy self, for avoiding those Dangers that otherwise thou mightest fall into. Again, What Honour can it be to God? What Thanks shall it be to thy self, if thou forsake thy Pleasures, and abandon thy Sins, when thou hast no longer time to enjoy them? It is far more acceptable to God to repent and forsake thy Sins, when thou hast both Time and Opportunity to sin. Further, how shalt thou



thou be able to fix thy Thought earnestly upon the Business of thy Soul, when the Guiltiness of Sin, the Love of the World, the Pains, and, which is worse, the extream Fear of Death, shall not suffer thee to recollect, as is requisite in so weighty a Cause.

*Lastly*, Thy long continued Custom of Sin being grown to a Habit, to a Nature within thee, it will hardly in one Instant be altered; hereupon we have often seen, that many who shew good Signs of Repentance in some grievous Sickness, when they recover Health become as evil as they were before; nay, many times worse, as the Prophet *Jeremiah* saith, *Jer. 13. 23. Can the Ethiopian change his hue, or the Leopard his spots; then may you also do good that are accustomed to do evil.*

O miserable Soul! If thou settest thy Salvation upon this hazard, doubtless the Devil gathereth such Advantages by thy Delay, that if he possess thee all thy Life, he will hardly lose thee at the Hour of Death.

Thou hast little Experience in Spiritual Matters, if thou knowest not that he is most violent at the last: Like an expert

Soldier, who reserveth his best Force till the Issue of the Field, if he winneth that Skirmish, he wins all; either thou shalt want Opportunity to Repent, by reason of the sudden Surprize of Death, or else thou shalt find thy Will heavy and dull, thy Power daunted and distracted, and so disabled from accomplishing so weighty a Work.

In regard of the first, the wise Man saith, *Eccles. 5. 7. Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day, for suddenly shall his Wrath break forth, and in thy Security thou shalt be destroyed, Prov. 1. 28.* In reference to the other, God hath said, *They shall call upon me, but I will not hear; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.* Not that God faileth of his Promise of Receiving a Sinner whensoever he shall turn from his Wickedness, but because that this his turning to God when he is turning out of the World, is commonly no true Conversion, but such as that whereof the Prophet Hosea speaketh, *They howl and roar in their Beds, but call not upon me in their Hearts.*

To die well is a long Art, which thou hast but a short Time to learn; they that have

have long furnished themselves with all spiritual Means, find Work enough to vanquish and overcome all their spiritual Enemies; how then shalt thou, careless Soul, if thou wilt not take hold of this Opportunity, be in hopes to effect it, when the Onset of the Enemy shall be more strong and prevalent, and thou, thro' Pains in the Body, and Perplexity and Distractedness of Mind, very weak, and no ways able to resist; when Impediments shall be multiplied, Helps diminished, thy Distraction great, thy Inclination little, and Leisure none? For at the Hour of Death there is so many and great Things which will cause thee to die, that thou shalt have neither Mind, nor Time, nor Strength to die well.

How darest thou adventure, O my Soul! to let the least Opportunity to escape thee? To defer one Day for the Change of thy Life, when thou dost not know whether thou shalt live another Day, and whereon depends thy everlasting Welfare? Darest thou adventure to cross those Seas without any Fear, where thousands of Passengers have suffered Shipwreck, and have been lost for ever.

God died, that Sin should die; and

wilt thou have it live one Moment within thee ; There is no greater Wisdom in this World, than to do as *Sampson* did, when he was deceived and bound by his *Delilah*, and set upon by the *Philistines*, to break thy Bands asunder, and to shake off all the Shackles of worldly Delights, to cast off the troublesome Cares of this Life, and to walk in Wisdom's Ways, *whose Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.* To this, Reason, Equity, and Law doth bind thee ; to this Heaven, Earth, Hell, Life, Death, Justice and Mercy doth both invite and engage thee.

Christ hanging upon the Cross doth preach the Crucifying of Sin unto thee ; the Word which he hath left is a destroying Sword, it must and will assuredly kill thee or thy Sins ; whithersoever thou turnest thy Ears, thou may'st hear all Creatures to cry unto thee, and call thee from thy Sins : Is it possible so many loud Voices should cry and not be heard, and never be regarded ? Nor no Promises oblige and engage thee ? Nor Threatnings of God's dreadful Judgments deter thee from proceeding any farther in thy most abominable and sinful Courses ?

What could Christ have done more for thee ?

thee? He hath spent his Blood, his precious Blood, every Drop of his precious Blood, to draw thee off from Sin unto himself? Is it possible, that after all this unspeakable Love and Kindness of the Lord Jesus to thy Soul, thou shouldest trample upon the Blood of the holy Son of God, in living in a wilful Disobedience to all his holy Commands? *Whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burthen is light.* Out upon thee, impudent and impure Soul, more accursed than Adam, for whose Iniquity all the Earth was accursed; more damnable, which I tremble to speak, than the Devil himself; for they sinned, having no Examples of Justice to restrain them; but thou, after many Examples of God's implacable Justice, doth neither abandon nor abate thy sinning against him.

Tell me, Traitor; tell me, thou Fuel of Hell-fire, what could'st thou do more, if the Christian Faith were a meer Fable, or the Gospel a counterfeit Glass, than that thou hast done? I see that for fear of Shame and Disgrace, and Loss of Reputation, or for fear of humane Justice, for Reverence and Respect of Men, thou wilt moderate thy Delights, and keep them from being sensible of thy great



Extravagancies; but for Fear, or Reverence, or Love to God, not in the least relinquish thy immoderate Pleasures; being so far from putting a Restraint upon thy sinful Desires, as to glory in them: Tell me, filthy Soul, thou Son of *Belial*, thou blind, mad, senseless Fool, where is thy Conscience, thou art so secure? Where is thy Faith? Where is thy Judgment? Where are thy Wits, that thou art not sensible of that unspeakable Misery of being cast into Hell-fire, and that for ever, which thy sinful and wretched Life lays thee liable and obnoxious to? Therefore, as thou tenderest the everlasting Welfare of thy precious and immortal Soul, let what has been desired of thee in this small Piece, and in the other I have publish'd before, be strictly observ'd and done without delay, that so you may be everlastingly happy with God and his holy Angels in the highest Heaven.

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SUNDRY  
**EXAMPLES**  
 OF  
*God's Dreadful Judgments*  
 AGAINST  
**Violent Breakers**  
 OF HIS  
**HOLY Commandments.**

**A** Drunken Blasphemous Wretch  
 being carousing at an Inn in  
 the Country, among some of  
 his merry and jovial Companions,  
 started this Atheistical Question amongst  
 them, Whether they did believe any Man  
 D s there

there was possess'd of a Soul? At which one of the sobereſt made this wiſe Answer; That for certain, and without diſpute, every Man upon the Face of the whole Earth was endowed with a rational and immortal Soul; and that the Scriptures did make it manifeſt that it is ſo; and that every Soul that doth well whiſt here, ſhall be rewarded with an immortal Crown of Glory hereafter; and all thoſe who do wickedly, ſhall ſuffer everlaſting Punishment in Hell's intolerable Flames. To which he had the Impudence to ſwear by his Maker, that he did really believe that the Soul did not live after the Body was dead; and that Heaven and Hell was only invented by the Priests to get Money, and ſo are meer Fables; and as for his Part, he would ſell it to any Perſon that would buy it. One that was there, ſaid to him, *Sell thy Soul for this Glaſs of Beer*; which he did, and ſo drank it off. The Devil being there in the Shape of a Man, ſaid to the Man that had bought it, *Sell it me*; which he did at the ſame Price. The Devil having bought the Soul of this vile and wretched Fellow of the Man to whom he ſold it, did demand it of him; he making ſome Eviſions, the Devil

snatch'd him away from the rest of his Companions, carry'd him into the Air towards his Habitation, where it is not to be doubted, but he found he had a Soul, and that there was an Hell to punish it, to his everlasting Sorrow.

At *Wimsherin* in *Germany*, there was a Man had committed divers Murders some Years before, who about *Easter* bought three Calves Heads, and putting them in a Net, carry'd them along the Streets: All that saw them, did believe they were Mens Heads all bloody, and so caus'd him to be apprehended, and was brought before the Senate. He being ask'd where he had those Men's Heads, answer'd, he bought them in the Shambles: The Butcher being sent for, said, he sold him Calves Heads, not Mens Heads. The Senate being amaz'd at the Action, sent him to Prison; where being strictly examined, confess'd the former Murders, and so was executed for the same. When the Heads were taken out of the Net, they were seen to be but Calves Heads: So that we may see by this Example, that God will find out Murderers, let it be done never so secretly, and, sooner or later, bring the Murderer to open Shame.

*John*

*John Peter*, Son-in-law to *Alexander the Cruel*, Keeper of *Newgate*, being a most sad Curser and Swearer; us'd to wilh, in his common way of speaking, *If it be not true what I say, I pray God I may rot before I die*; which happen'd to him accordingly.

Neither does God Almighty fail to shew his displeasure against wicked, cruel and tyrannical Persecutors of his Children and People: Out of bloody *Queen Mary's* Days we shall collect some few for Satisfaction. A Persecutor that liv'd at *Dover* having been with *Cardinal Pool* for his Blessing upon his cruel and cursed Actions, coming out of the Cardinal's Chamber, fell down Stairs, and broke his Neck.

*Dr. Berry*, Commissary of *Norfolk*, a great Persecutor, as he was a walking with one of his Concubines, fell down dead with a heavy Groan, and never stirr'd afterwards.

One *Dale*, a violent Persecutor of God's People, was eaten up with Lice.

One *Robert Bawbling*, as he was apprehending *William Seamen* the Martyr, was stricken dead with Thunder and Lightning.

*Alexander* the Keeper of *Newgate* was



a great Enemy to God's People, and us'd to go to bloody Benner, and say, *Rid my Prison, rid my Prison; I am too much plagu'd with these Hereticks*: But God met with him, for all his Cruelty, and hard Usage of his Children; for he died a wretched and miserable Death, his Body being so swell'd, that he was more like a Monster than a Man, his Entrails were so rotten, that no Person was able to bear the stinking Smell of them; and his Son *James*, to whom he left a great Estate, soon wasted it, and jeeringly us'd to say, *Ill got, ill spent*; and he, as he was going through *Newgate-Market*, fell down stone dead.

*Thomas More*, Lord Chancellor of *England*, was an unheard of Enemy to the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to the Professors of it; and as if he design'd to be famous for his cruel Actions, he caus'd a Tomb to be built, and this to be engrav'd upon it, *That with all his Might he had persecuted the Lutherans*: But, according to his Deserts, it fell out contrary to his Expectation; for being accus'd, condemn'd, and executed for High-Treason, his Head was taken off, and his Body found no other Burial than

than the Gibbet. Those few Examples of God's dreadful Judgments against Persecutors, I hope, may serve to deter all Persons that have any Love for their precious and immortal Souls, from being guilty of the like cruel Actions against God and his People. Read but *Beard's Theatre*, *Clark's Martyrology*, and *Fox's Acts and Monuments*, and you will find innumerable Examples of the like Nature.

A Person in this Nation having a very considerable Estate, did not make that use of it as he ought; but, on the contrary, gave himself over to all manner of Prophaneness, and was a common Scoffer and Contemner of Religion, and all that was Good; insomuch, that it is credibly reported, that being Witness to the Baptizing of a Child, he would have the Child's Name *Beelzebub*. He was likewise given to all manner of Uncleanness and Debauchery, and, without Shame, kept several Whores openly in his House at a time. He was so accusom'd to Swearing, that he could not speak without a Curse or an Oath. A viler and wickeder Wretch never was heard of; for he declared his Sin as *Sodom*, and hid it

not.

not. He had not lived long in this damnable and cursed Course of Life, but Divine Vengeance found him ; for one Day going a hunting with one of his Companions, they fell a discoursing of their Debauchery, it pleased Almighty God to strike him dead, that he fell backwards upon his Horse's Crupper, with his wicked, swearing, perjur'd and lying Tongue hanging out of his Mouth in a very fearful manner. All you Young Men take warning by this dreadful Example ; forbear your Cursing, Swearing, Lying, and all manner of Prophane-ness ; for you may see by this Example, God takes Notice of all your Actions, and your ill ones will certainly find you out, for God will not be mocked, nor suffer his own People to be abused ; he will right all their Wrongs, and certainly will do them Justice, for he tendereth them as the Apple of his Eye.

Most dreadful is that Relation of *Jo-  
hannes Fincelius*, that in the Year 1553,  
near *Belesina*, a City of *Helvetia*, there  
was three prophane Wretches a playing  
at Dice upon the Lord's Day, without  
the Walls of the City, one of whom,  
called *Ulrick Scheterus*, having lost much  
Money,

Money, and offended God by many cursed Speeches, at last expecting a good Cast, he broke forth into this horrible and blasphemous Speech ; *If Fortune deceive me now, I will thrust my Dagger in the very Body of God as far as I can ;* and the Cast miscarrying, he immediately drew out his Dagger, and threw it up against Heaven with all its Strength ; when behold ! the Dagger vanished out of Sight, and five Drops of Blood fell upon the Table in the midst of them ; and immediately after the Devil came, and carry'd away this Blasphemous Wretch, with such a Fury and Rape, that the whole City was astonish'd at it : The other two, half distracted with it, strove to wipe the Spots of Blood off the Table, but could not ; but the more they wiped them, the more clear they appear'd. The Rumour of this dreadful Action soon flew into the City, and abundance of People came to this Place to see it, where they found the other two Gamesters a washing of the Table, whom, by Order of the Senate, they bound in Chains, and carry'd towards the Prison. As they were going through the Gate of the City, one of them was suddenly struck

struck dead, with such a number of Lice and Worms creeping out of him, as was very wonderful and loathsome to behold. The third, to divert the Divine Indignation that seem'd to hang over their heads, the Citizens without any further Trial, put him presently to Death.

One *William Hacket* of *Oundle* in *Northamptonshire*; used upon occasion in earnest Discourse, to curse himself in this manner, *If it be not true, let a visible Confusion light upon me*: And he wanted not his Wish, as appears by the following Relation. In the three and thirtieth Year of the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, one *Edmund Coppinger* and *Henry Arthington*, two Gentlemen that were this *Hacket's* sociable Companions, *Hacket* having formerly been very Prophane, now pretended a Reformation; these three run into very dangerous and strange Opinions, and at last came to think that this *Hacket* was anointed Judge of the World; and, coming to his Lodging one Day in *London*, *Hacket* told them he had been anointed with the *Holy Ghost*; then *Coppinger* ask'd him what he would be pleased to command them: Go, saith he,  
and



and proclaim in the City, That Jesus Christ is come with his Fan in his Hand, to judge the Earth; and if they will not believe you, let them come and kill me if they can. Coppinger answer'd, It should be done: And thereupon, he and Arbington ran immediately into the Streets of the City, and proclaim'd their Message; and when, by reason of the Multitude of the People, they could get no further, they got up in two empty Carts, crying, Repent, repent, for Jesus Christ is come to judge the World: Also pulling a Paper out of their Pockets, they read out of it many things concerning the Calling and Office of Hacket; as how he represented Christ, as taking part of his glorified Body, &c. They likewise called themselves the Prophets, one of Justice, the other of Mercy. The Citizens being disturbed at them, took Hacket and carried him before a Justice of Peace, who after Examination, committed him to Prison, and at the Sessions being found guilty of Sedition, and speaking traitorous Words against the Queen, he was condemned and hanged on a Gibbet in Cheapside; uttering horrid Blasphemy against

against the Mercy of God. Coppinger died the next Day in *Bridewell*, and *Arthington* afterwards made a publick Recantation. Thus the Curse of *Hacket* happened to him; for a visible Confusion came upon him according to his Wish.

A Young Gentleman, being a Scholar at one of the Colleges in *Cambridge*, and living above the Allowance that his Father did bestow upon him, he having a good Horse, us'd to betake himself to the *Highway*, and there to take a Purse to supply what his Rioting and Drunkenness called for. For one Day being put to a great Occasion for Money to save his Credit in the Town, he took his Horse, and rid to *New-market-Heath*, and there waited till a Prize came; at last he espied a Man with a Portmantau behind him; so putting up to him, he bid him stand and deliver: He made answer to him, and told him, *He had but little Money, and he was loth to part with it.* Then, said the Scholar, *you must fight for it.* Well, said the other, *if I must, come then,* and each pull'd out his Sword, and they both fought stoutly;

stoutly; but at last the poor Serving-Man was unfortunately killed, and the other a little wounded. He having dispatched him, took the Portmanteau from off his Horse and put it upon his own, and away he rode for *Cambridge*. Being come into his Chamber, he opened the Portmanteau to see what a Prize he had got, and therein finding a Letter directed to him from his Father, he was very much surpriz'd at what he had done, in killing his Father's Man, that was bringing of him the Money from his Father. Considering of the Wickedness of this Action, he was wonderfully altered, and fell into a deep Melancholly. In a short time after, the Robbery and Murder both came out; and the next Assizes the Lord Chief Justice Popham, who was his near Kinsman, happened to come that Circuit. He was arraign'd and condemn'd at *Cambridge Assizes*; and altho' great Means were used for the obtaining of his Pardon, yet all was in vain; for the Judge forgetting that natural Affection he ow'd to him as his Kinsman, would not take Pity of his Youth or want of Discretion, but caus'd him

him to be hang'd among the rest of the notorious Malefactors.

A Noble and Vertuous Lady having an idle and ill-dispositioned Chambermaid, it happened upon some great Provocation, that she struck her a Box on the Ear; with that, she had the Impudence to tell her Lady, *That that Blow should never be forgot, nor forgiven.* So the Devil, who is always ready to take hold of any Opportunity that falls, closes in with this revengeful Slut, and tempts her to accuse her Lady of Adultery: Thereupon, finding a fit Opportunity, thus address'd herself to her Lord, *Pray, Sir, excuse my great Boldness, for I have a very great Secret to impart to you, were I sure you would not reveal it, and so the Punishment fall upon me, that others deserve; so she wept.* Her Lord being very desirous to know, vowed Secrecy. *Why then, Sir, thus it is; I know you are very well satisfied in the Chastity and Modesty of my Lady; but, to my great Sorrow I speak it, she defiles your Bed, and that not with a Person of Quality, but with one of the Grooms of your Stable; but I must beg your*

*your Honour so keep it private till I make you an Eye-Witness hereof.* Her Lord was hereat most strangely surprized, having never found any thing but great Tenderness and Affection from his Lady, nor could he ever charge her with the least unseemly Carriage imaginable; yet he bethought himself, and called to mind, that whenever he went out early in the Morning about any Business, whenever he came back, he used to find her a Bed, or hardly up, so that he thought in this time his Lady did abuse him. This Baggage let no Opportunity slip to carry on this wicked Design she had begun. Seeing of her Lord coming towards his House, and knowing of her Lady to be a Bed, she ran and told one of the Grooms, That his Lady must speak with him presently in her Bed-Chamber: the Groom hereupon runs up as if it had been upon Life and Death, as indeed in the End it proved, and finding his Lady's Door open, he rushes in upon her; whereupon the Lady was so angry, that she threw the Bed-staves at him, and would not let him speak: In the meantime this base Woman calls her Lord, and



and tells him, Now you may find them together. He thereupon runs up Stairs with his Sword drawn, and the Groom just coming out of the Door, he run him through, so that he died immediately; and so goes into the Chamber, and, without asking a Question, or receiving an Answer, run the Point of his Sword into his Lady's Heart, as she lay in her Bed. Now as he stood a while considering what he had done, the cruel Author of this bloody Tragedy being pricked in Conscience with this horrible Slaughter, could keep in her devilish Counsel no longer, but broke out into these Words: *Oh, alas! my Lord, what have I done! Never was Lady more chaste and constant to her Bridal Bed, than she who lies wallowing in her innocent Blood; whatsoever I told you was false, I was tempted to it by the Devil, in revenge of a Box on the Ear she deservedly gave me: I, therefore, and only I, am the wicked Wretch, that was the only Cause of these wicked and most terrible Murders.* These Words being so mournfully and passionately spoken, fill'd his Mind with Horror and Distraction, sometimes casting his Eyes upon  
his

his honest and faithful Servant, and his chaste and vertuous Wife, both which in his Passion he had murder'd : He thereupon kill'd that wretched Creature the Chambermaid, and then fell upon his own Sword, which was the fourth Person in this dismal and bloody Tragedy.

A Young Man that was of a very revengeful Spirit, having had an Injury done him by one of his familiar Acquaintance, studying how to satisfy his Revenge upon him, the Devil came to him, and told him he would put him in a way how he should be revenged of him with a Vengeance to him, if he would do but one thing that he should desire of him : The Young Man ask'd him, what was that? *Why*, said the Devil, *go and kill your Father, and lie with your Mother.* No, said the Young Man, *I dare not do so; but I will do any thing else you shall desire.* *Why then*, quoth the Devil, *go and make yourself drunk.* Yes, that I will, says the Young Man. So he went and made himself drunk; and when he was in that shameful Condition, he kill'd his Father, and lay with his Mother. By which you may see what a sad and dreadful

ful thing it is, to give way to the Sin of Drunkenness, which lays a Man open to all manner of Wickedness.

There was a certain young Gentleman; but a most terrible Swearer, who, riding in the Company of some other Gentlemen in *Cornwall*, in *King Edward the Sixth's Time*, he, upon some frivolous Occasion began his old Trade of Cursing and Blaspheming; for which one Mr. *Hains*, a Minister, as it was his Duty, did, with very mild Words, reprove him; telling him, he shou'd one Day answer for all his Imprecations: Whereat this Gentleman being in a great Heat, and very Angry, bid him take no thought for him, but prepare for his own Winding-Sheet. Saith the Minister, *Amend your Life, for Death gives no Warning; the Lamb-Skins come to the Market as soon as old Sheep's. God's Wounds*, says he, *care not thou for me*, still raging worse and worse; till at length, going on their Journey they came to a great Bridge, which was made over an Arm of the Sea, in passing of which this swearing Gallant spurr'd his Horse with such Fury, that the Horse leaped over the Bridge with the Man on his

Back, who, as he was falling, cry'd out, *Horse and Man and all to the Devil.* This terrible Story Bishop Ridley preach'd in a Sermon at St. Paul's Cross; and Mr. Hains reported the Truth of it to Mr. Fox, from whence this is taken. *Acts and Monuments.*

A certain Countryman, for every Trifle, used to swear by God's precious Blood, and would give no heed to any of his Friends Warning: But at length falling into a deep Fit of Sicknes, he was much perswaded and intreated by his Friends to repent, whose Counsel he still rejected; and hearing the Bell toll, when the Pangs of Death were upon him, he started up, swearing, *God's Wounds, the Bell tolls for me, but he shall not have me yet:* Whereupon the Blood issued out from every Part of his Body, as Mouth, Nose, Wrists, Knees, Heels, Toes, and every where else, and so ended his wretched Life.

There lived a Person in *Penryn, Cornwall*, who had a considerable Estate and fruitful Issue, unhappy only in a younger Son, who growing Extravagant, went to Sea in a small Vessel with several others like

like himself, where they made a Prize of all they could master, and venturing into the *Streights*, they set upon a *Turk's* Man of War, which they took, and got great Booty; but their Powder by chance taking Fire, blew up the Ship; and our Gallant, being a very rare Swimmer, got to Shore upon the Isle of *Rhodes*, with the best of his Jewels, where offering some to sale to a *Jew*, he knew them to be the Governor's of *Algiers*, whereupon he was seiz'd and condemn'd to the Gallies for a Pirate among other Christians, whose miserable Slavery made them use what Means they could to get off, which they effected by killing some of their Officers: After which this young Man got on board an *English* Ship, and came safe to *London*, where former Misery, and some Skill he had got in that Art, preferred him to be Servant to a Sea Chirurgeon, who after a while sent him to the *East-Indies*; there, by his Diligence and Industry, he got Money, with which he returned home, and longing to see his Native Country *Cornwall*, he sailed in a small Ship from *London* Westward; but e'er he attained to the Port he went for, he was cast away upon the Coast, where by skill of Swim-



ming he got safe to shore ; but having been fifteen Years absent, he was informed that his Father was much decayed in his Estate, and had retired to a Place not far off, being indeed in Debt and Danger : His Sister he finds married to a Mercer ; to whom he appears as a poor Stranger ; but after a while privately revealed himself to her, shewing what Gold and Jewels he had in a Bow-Case about him, and they concluded he should go to his Parents the next Day, but he goes over Night, and designed not to make himself known till the next Day, that his Brother and Sister came ; so goes to his Parents as a Stranger, desires of them a Lodging for that Night, which they granted. He sitting a long time by the Fire, relating his Travels, and his Sufferings in his Travels, that the old Man bid them good Night, and went to Bed. Soon after, his true and sad Stories moving the old Woman to Compassion, she wept, and so did he ; but taking Pity on her Tears, he comforted her with a Piece of Gold, which gave her Assurances that he deserved a Lodging, to which she brought him. He being in Bed, shewed this old Woman his Wealth, which was girded about

about him, which, he told her, was sufficient to relieve her Husband's Wants and enough for himself too; and so, being weary, fell asleep. The old Woman being tempted with the golden Bait she had received, and greedily thirsting after the Enjoyment of the rest, went to her Husband, and wakes him, and tells him this News, and what further she intended to do: and tho' with horrid Apprehension he a long time refused to let it be done, yet she with her drawing Eloquence (*Love's Enchantment*) moved him at last to consent to be Master of all that Wealth, by murdering the Owner thereof; which accordingly they effected, and afterwards covered the Corps with Clothes, till they had Opportunity to convey it away. The early Morning hastens the Sister to her Father's House; where being come, she enquires for a Sailor that was to lodge there the last Night. The old People at first denied that they had seen any such Person, till she told them he was her lost Brother, whom she certainly knew to be so, by a Scar upon his Arm, cut with a Sword in his Youth, and that they had resolved to meet here this Morning. The Father

hearing this, hastily runs up into the Room, and finding the Mark upon him aforesaid, with the horrid Regret of this monstrous Murder of his own Son, took the same Knife and cut his own Throat that he had murdered his Son with. A while after, the Mother going up to consult with her Husband what to do, and being confounded to see him weltring in his own Blood, she takes the same Knife, and with it rips up her own Belly, so that her Guts dropp'd out. The Daughter wondring that her Father and Mother staid so long, went up to them, and found too soon this bloody Tragedy, the Mother having time only to relate the before-mentioned Particulars, gave up the Ghost. The Daughter was struck with such a sudden Horror and Amazement at this Deluge of Destruction, as Father, Mother and Brother, and all for a little dirty Wealth; she presently sunk down dead. Therefore let all that read this sad and dreadful Example take heed of Covetousness, for it is the Root of all Evil.

*For this World's Wealth, which all so much desire,  
May be compar'd unto a burning Fire;  
Whereof a little will do little harm,  
But profits much our Bodies well to warm.*

*Take too much Fire, and you shall surely burn,  
So too much Wealth to too much Woe will turn.*

The Truth of this beforemention'd Relation is confirmed in *Sanderfox's History of King James.*

In the Year 1632, there lived one *Walker* near *Chester*, who was a Yeoman of good Estate, and a Widower; he had a young Woman, a Kinswoman of his, to keep his House, who was by the Neighbours suspected to be with Child. She therefore was sent away by him one Evening in the Dark with *Mark Sharp*, a Collier, and was not heard of, nor little notice taken of her; till a long time after one *James Graham*, a Miller, who liv'd two Miles from *Walker's* House, being one Night alone very late in his Mill grinding of Corn; about twelve a Clock, the Doors being shut, there stood a Woman in the midst of the Floor with her Hair hanging down, all bloody, and five large Wounds in her Head: He was very much affrighted, yet had the Courage to ask her, after blessing himself, who she was, and what she wanted: To whom she said, *I am the Spirit of such a Woman,*

who lived with *Walker*, and being got with Child by him, he promised to send me to a private Place, where I should lie in, and be well looked on, and when I was up, I should come and keep his House again; and accordingly, said the Apparition, I was over Night late sent away with one *Mark Sharp*, who upon a Moor, naming a Place which the Miller knew, slew me with a Pick, such as Men dig Coals with, and gave me these five Wounds in the Head, and after threw my Body into a Coal-pit hard by, and hid the Pick under the Bank, and his Shoes and Stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash them; but seeing the Blood would not wash off, he left them there. And the Apparition further told the Miller, that he must be the Man that must reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him: The Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one Word of what he had seen; yet he would never after stay in the Mill at Night without Company, thinking thereby to prevent the seeing her again; but notwithstanding one Night the Apparition came to him again, and threatn'd him, if he did not reveal the Murder, she would continually pursue



purſue and haunt him ; yet for all this, he ſtill concealed it till *St. Thomas's Eve*, juſt before *Chriſtmas* ; when, being ſoon after Sun-ſet, he was walking in his Garden, ſhe appears to him again, and then ſo threatned and affrighted him, that he promiſed to reveal it the next Morning. The Morning being come, he went to a Magiſtrate, and diſcovered the whole Matter with all the Circumſtances ; and diligent ſearch being made, the Body was found in the Coal-Pit, with five Wounds in the Head, and the Pick, and Shoes and Stockings yet bloody, and in every Particular as the Apparition had related to the Miller ; whereupon *Walker* and *Mark Sharp* were both apprehended, but would confeſs nothing. At the Aſſizes following at *Durham* they were arraigned, found guilty, and hanged ; but I could never hear that they confeſſed the Fact. The Truth of this Relation is confirmed in *Webſter of Witchcraft*.

A rich Man at *Halberſtadt* in *Germany* abounding in Worldly Happineſs, gave up his whole Soul in delighting therein, ſo that he had no Senſe of Heaven or Religion ; yea, he atheiſtically ſaid, *That*

*if he might lead such a Life continually upon Earth, he would not envy those that enjoy'd Heaven, nor desire to exchange his Condition with them: But it pleased God to cut him off by Death, and so the Pleasures which he doated on came to an end. After his Death there was seen such diabolical Apparitions in his House, that no Man durst inhabit it: For every Day there appeared the Form of this Epicure, sitting with a great many Guests, Drinking, Carousing, and making good Chear, the Table being furnished seemingly with all manner of Delicacies, and attended on by Fiddlers, Trumpeters, &c. So that whatever he delighted in while he was alive, was daily there to be seen; God permitting Satan to deceive Men's Sight by such Appearances, to deter them from living in such a Course of Impiety. Theat. Hist.*

*Martiques, Governour of Brittany in France, in the War against the Protestants, perswaded them to yield to the King, since their strong God had now forsaken them; and scoffingly said, 'Twas time for them to sing, Help us now, O Lord, for it is time: But he soon found their strong God*  
*was*

was able to defend them, and confound the Proud, he himself being slain in the Siege. *Acts and Monuments.*

*Libanus*, a sophistical Atheist, being at *Antioch*, demanded blasphemously of a Religious Man, what the Carpenter's Son did, and how he employed himself? Who by divine Spirit reply'd, *the Creator of the World, whom thou disdainfully callest the Carpenter's Son, is making a Coffin for thee, to carry thee to thy Grave.* The Sophister laughing, went away; but in a few Days after died, and was buried in a Coffin, according to the Prophecy of that holy Man. *Beard's Theatre.*

A Soldier travelling through *Murcia* in *Almain*, finding himself not well, went to an Inn, and deliver'd to his Landlady a Sum of Money. Being recovered, he demanded his Money, but the Woman consulted her Husband, denied the Receipt of any, and accused him of Wrong, in demanding what she never received: The Soldier enraged, accused her of cheating him. The Man of the House, though privy to all before, yet thrust the Soldier out of Doors; who, being abused

fed, drew his Sword, and ran against the Door with the Point; whereat the Host cried out Thieves, Thieves, affirming, he wou'd have entered his House by Force, and rob him; so the poor Souldier was cast into Prison, and ready to be condemned to Death; but the Day wherein Sentence was to be pronounced, the Devil entred the Prison, and told the Soldier, That if he would give himself Body and Soul to him, he would deliver him: The Prisoner reply'd, he had rather die, being innocent, than to be delivered upon that Account. The Devil represented the Danger of Death wherein he was, and used all manner of Craft to delude him, but finding his Arguments ineffectual, he left his Suit, yet promised to revenge him upon his Enemies for nothing, advising him to declare his Innocence, and the Wrong he suffered, and to intreat the Judge, that one in a Blew Cap, who was in the Court might make his Defence for him: (Now he in the Blew Cap was the Devil.) The Soldier accepted his Offer, and being called to the Bar, desired to have his Attorney, who was there present to plead his Cause, which being granted, this crafty Lawyer began cunningly

cunningly to defend his Client, affirming him to have been falsely accused, and so would be unjustly condemned, and that his Host did with-hold the Money, and offered him Violence; and to demonstrate it, reckoned up every Circumstance; yea the very Place where they had hid the Money. The Host impudently denied all, wishing, *That the Devil might take him Soul and Body if he had it.* This subtle Attorney in the Blue Cap, finding the Advantage he looked for, left off his Pleading, and seizing on the Landlord, carried him out of the Court into the Air, and he was never after seen. Thus was the Soldier delivered, to the Astonishment of all who were Eye-witnesses of this terrible Judgment upon this perjured cursing Innkeeper. *Wierus of Spirits*, Lib. 3.

In a City of *Savoy* dwelt a Man of a very vicious Conversation, and a monstrous Swearer, whom many good Men reprov'd for his wicked Behaviour, yet he would not reform his Ways: Now it happen'd that the Plague was in the City, and he being infected himself, his Wife and Kinswoman withdrew apart into a Garden



Garden-house that he had. In this his Extremity the Ministers continually exhorted him to Repentance; but he was so far from being moved, that he seemed daily to harden himself in his ill Course of Life. One Day, as he was Swearing, denying God, giving himself to the Devil, and calling for him with horrid Vehemency, behold the Devil appear'd, and carry'd him into the Air, his Wife and Kinswoman seeing him fly over their Heads. In this Transportation his Cap fell off, and was found at the *Rhosne*, but himself was never seen after. The Magistrate, advertis'd hereof, came to the Place, and took the Depositions of the two Women upon Oath of what they had seen. *Wierus of Spirits.*

A young Courtier at *Mansfield* used, upon any earnest Asseveration, to say, *The Devil take me if it be not so*: And the Devil indeed took him while he slept, and threw him out of an high Window, where, though by God's good Providence he escap'd with Life, yet he learned by Experience to bridle his Tongue from all such cursed Speeches, this being but a Taste of that divine Wrath which had happen'd

happen'd upon such profligate Wretches.  
*Cyriac Spangen.*

*Andronicus* was a cruel Tyrant, exceeding in Ambition, Murder, Adultery, Incest, and the like. He traiterously murdered the Son and Heir of *Emanuel*, the Emperor, causing him to be tied up in a Sack, and drowned in the Sea: After which, by Violence, he possessed the Empire of *Constantinople*. Having attain'd his Desire, he committed all manner of Villanies, ravishing Women and Virgins, and after giving them to his Pimps and Ruffians; yea, he committed a Rape upon his own Sister. And to secure himself in his tyrannical Estate, he murdered most of his Nobility, and all that had any shew of Civility or Honesty, living by Robbery and Extortion; whereupon his Subjects no longer able to endure his vile Outrages, rise up, and besieging him, at last got him into their hands, whom they used with as much Cruelty, as he had exercised upon them: For having deprived him of his Imperial Ornaments, they pluck'd out one of his Eyes, and then set him upon an Ass with his Face to the Tail, which he held in his hand

hand, instead of a Scepter, and a Rope about his Neck instead of a Crown ; and then led him thro' all the Streets of *Constantinople*, the People shouting, reviling, throwing Dung, Dirt, and Spittle upon him, and Women their Chamber-Pots upon his Head. Lastly, he was carried to the Gallows, and there hang'd. *Beard's Theatre.*

*Alexander*, a Tyrant in *Thessaly*, was of a cruel Disposition, causing some Men to be buried alive, others he put into the Skins of Bears, and wild Boars, and then set his Hounds upon them ; and one Day as the Inhabitants of a City in League with him, were assembled in Council, he caused his Guard to inclose them round, and kill them all. He consecrated the Dart wherewith he had slain his Uncle, and crowned it with Garlands, calling it *The Happy Killer*. Being at a Tragedy where *Hecuba* and *Andromache* were represented, he could not forbear weeping, and went out, lest it should be observed that he pitied those feigned Sorrows, who never had Compassion for the Multitude of Citizens he had cruelly murdered : Now, tho' this Tyger was guarded with  
Troops

Troops of Soldiers Night and Day, and had a furious Dog constantly waiting on him, which wasty'd to his Chamber-door every Night; yet by his Wife's Means he was kill'd, she letting in three of her own Brothers, with whom she had conspired, to murder him; who finding him fast asleep, one took him by the Heels, and another by the Head, and wrung his Neck behind him, the third thrust him thro' with a Sword, she all the while giving them Light to dispatch their Business. The Citizens got the dead Body, which they drew about the Streets, and then threw it to be devoured of Dogs: *Plut. Lives.*

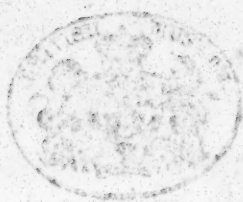
In 1541, a young Woman at *Paris* had her Brains beaten out by a Man with a Hammer, as she was going to Mass at Midnight, and all her Rings and Jewels taken from her: The Hammer being left with the Corps, was known to be a poor Smith's hard by, who being suspected of the Murder, was put to such Torture as utterly deprived him of the Use of his Limbs: so that reduced to extream Poverty, he ended his Life in Misery: For 20 Years the Murderer was unknown,  
and

and the Memory of the Murderer seemed bury'd with the dead Woman. But mark the Justice of God: One *John Fleming*, being in a Village at Supper, chanced to say, *He had left his Wife at home sick, and no Body with her but a little Boy*; there was an old Man present named *Monister*, and a Son-in-law of his, who both went away that Night, and at Ten in the Morning came to *Flemings* House, with a Basket of Cherries and a Green-Goose, as if Presents from the Husband. They were let in by the Boy, whom they murder'd: The Woman heard his Cry, and lock'd the Chamber Door, crying for help out of the Window; the Neighbours ran in and took these two Villains, one in the Funnel of a Chimney, and the other in a Well in the Cellar, with only his Nose above Water. These two being condemned at the Place of Execution, *Monister* desir'd to speak with the Smith's Widow, of whom he asked Forgiveness, confessing he had stolen his Hammer, wherewith he had murder'd that young Woman. Thus the Smith's Innocency was clear'd up, and the Murderer justly punished twenty Years after the Crime. *Beard's Theatre*, P. 303.



At *Tiguri*, a Vagabond Rogue killed his Companion in the Night in a Barn, and removing the dead Corps out of Sight, fled in the Morning; but the Master of the Barn seeing Signs of Murder, soon found the dead Body. The Murderer was got far away, yet by the Noise of Crows and Jays, which followed and assaulted him, he was taken notice of by some Reapers in the Field, who were somewhat terrify'd at the Novelty of the thing. The Murthurer holds on his Way, and seem'd almost out of Danger, when there came Pursuit after him, enquiring of the Reapers, if any Man had passed by that Way; who told them, they had seen a Fellow, who as he passed was molested with the Crows and Jays, that they thence conjectured he was some Villain, and if they made haste, they might undoubtedly take him. The Wretch was seized and broke upon the Wheel. At his Execution he, with Sighs and Prayers, acknowledged the Providence of God in so unusual Discovery of this Murder. *Montanus de Provid.*

*F I N I S.*



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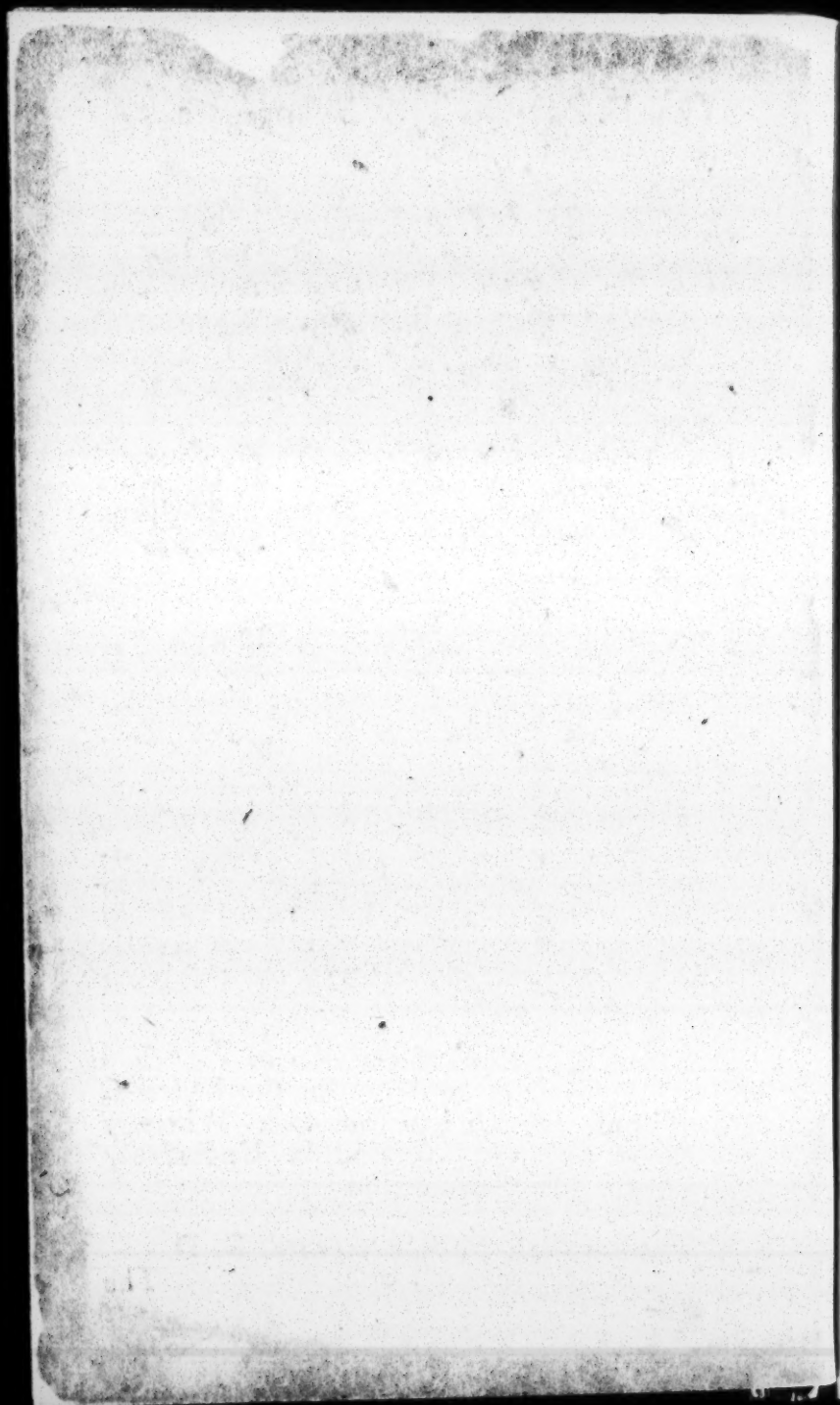
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